

THAT MAGAZINE FROM CTR 101.9 FM

MOKA ONLY DISCORDER MOKA ONLY

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DISCORDER

ISSUE 218 • JUNE 2001 • THAT STINKER MAGAZINE FROM CTR 101.9FM



features

gay girls rock the party by elvira b p. 10
drums are an instrument. billy martin by sarka k p. 11
mirah sings songs. by adam handz p. 12
atlas strategic: wieners or wankers? by lyndsay s. p. 13
bleepin' nerds! autechre by robert robot p. 14
moka only is one tall dude by chris t. p. 15

regulans

good morning vancouver p. 5
kill your boyfriend p. 5
dear airhead p. 5
culture shock p. 6
7" p. 6
vancouver special p. 7
strut & fret p. 7
under review p. 16
real live action p. 20
on the dial p. 22
charts p. 24
kick around (comic) p. 23
fucking bullshit! p. 25
datebook p. 26

COVER

moka only is a west coast hip hop guy. chris taylor took the photo and lori k worked the magic. she rules. he rules. they both rule the fuckin' school.

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SONAR
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Events at a glance:

MONDAY JUNE 4 - **A2guerrilla** pres

ERIK TRUFFAZ (Blue Note)

Vancouver debut for this Blue Note signed, Parisian-based trumpet player Doors 9PM/\$15/\$12 in advance available at Sonar, Sophia Books, Black Swan, Zulu, Boomtown, Bassix and Highlife

THURSDAY JUNE 7 - **A2guerrilla** & **SOPHIA BOOKS** pres

FANTASTIC PLASTIC MACHINE plus **TIM 'LOVE' LEE**

Japanese retro pop superstar FPM joins Tummy Touch label founder 'Love' Lee to spin 21st Century disco Doors 9pm/\$12/\$10 in advance available at Sonar, Sophia Books, Zulu, Boomtown, Bassix and Highlife.

SATURDAY JUNE 9

DERRICK CARTER @ INSIDE

Chicago legend is a true DJ for the house party people Doors 9pm/\$25 in advance/\$30 @ door

SUNDAY JUNE 10 - **SPECTRUM ENT** pres

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THURSDAY JUNE 14

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FRIDAY JUNE 15 - **pharysde** pres

CROSSFADE FRIDAYS

Party-rocking hip-hop from the one and only Vinyl Richie. Doors 9pm/\$7 before 10:30 pm/\$9 after

SATURDAY JUNE 16

J DUB @ INSIDE - An Apex Production

Alongside residents Dickey Doo, Luke McKeenan, Todd Omatani & Dana D. Plus Ibiza trip giveaway! Doors 9pm/\$12

THURSDAY JUNE 21 - **A2guerrilla** pres

DI SPOOKY

Conceptual artist, writer, musician, and DJ famous for creating a new genre of turntablism, 'liblilent'. Doors 9pm/\$20/\$15 in advance available at Sonar, Zulu, Bassix, Boomtown, Futuristic Flavour

MONDAY JUNE 25 - **A2guerrilla** pres

GILLES PETERSON (Talkin Loud) + CINEMATIC ORCHESTRA (Ninja Tune)

Talkin Loud label founder and BBC Radio One DJ legend* Vancouver debut with 60's jazz inspired Ninja Tune artist. Doors 9pm/Advance tickets \$22.50 @ Sonar, Bassix, Boomtown, Zulu, Highlife, Sophia Books & Bruce.

FRIDAY JUNE 29 - **pharysde** pres

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SUNDAY JULY 1 - **A2guerrilla** pres

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Sat

INSIDE

w/ Dickey Doo, Todd O, Luke M. & Dana D. Rm 2: soul & jazz w/ Clarence & guests.

liber

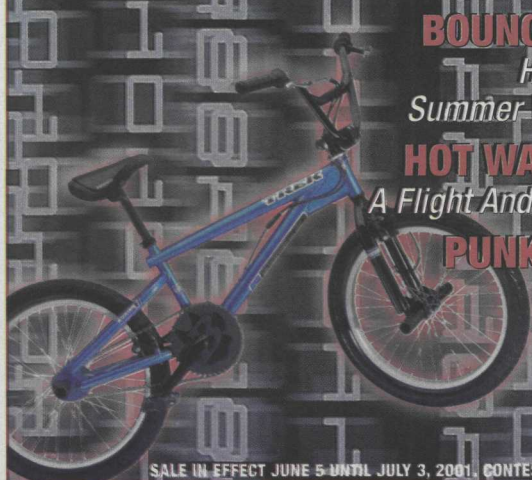
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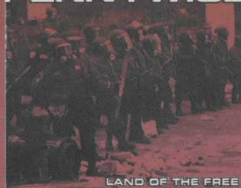
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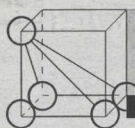
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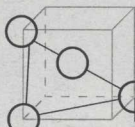
Dear disorder,

May 11th, 2001

We in Capozzi Park have cracked our collective brains trying to recall the "unclassy" comments your reviewer attributes to us in their Jad Fair review. All that we have come up with is that Max said "Up next, Human Rodeo!" and I (Mark) said "I think that's Adult Rodeo" in a dry tone which those who know me recognize as a speech impediment. In the earlier (unfashionable) part of the set, for some reason I kept quoting the MC5's revolutionary rabble rousing stage banter. Doctors tell us it was in some ways a form of stage presence. They add that a few weeks at Presley Memorial should have me jumping about like a frog's leg demonstrating the galvanic response.

We have the greatest respect for Jad Fair and Adult Rodeo and thank them for 'sharing' their rider with us. We have no idea what we said on stage that your reviewer interpreted as being against them. We are elderly and forgetful, but rarely unkind.

Love, Capozzi Park.



good morning vancouver

by lyndsay sung

GOOOD MORNING VANCOUVER!!! This is what I say each morning (or late afternoon) when I lower my head and exit the hobbit hole that is my home. Into the sunshine I go, with a little saying titled "celebrate life" held tightly in my fist, thrown at sour faced, jaded and/or cynical Vancouverites. Hello everyone. My name is Lyndsay Sung, aka Lyndsay Shat and I welcome YOU to celebrate too. Right now you are thinking, this has got to be a joke. Nobody named Lyndsay Shat can celebrate life! Not with a ridiculous nickname such as L-Shat Sorry to break it to you. Shat is in the house and life is here to be celebrated. So how can one celebrate? Lessee: Start by giving a friendly nod or

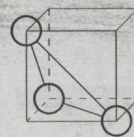


smile to a complete stranger. This is called "spreading the magic." Some people truly believe that I am a balding, tweed blazer and jeans-wearing, 43 year old, happy good times high school counsellor stuck in a Chinese indie rock chick's body. I say stupid shit like "spread the magic." I perform modern dance and '80s jazz dance moves anywhere possible, and I'm all about hot

dogs, movies and smooching. Okay. Also I would like to say thank you for reading this magazine, currently we are looking for people who are interested in a roller skating party at Stardust Rinks in Surrey. I got to go there on numerous occasions as a child. It's a fun place. So if anyone wants to put acid in their eyeballs and hold hands and backwards couple skate to Def Leppard, drop me a line. I'll do everything except the acid part. Cause acid is so '91. I hope it doesn't make a comeback like it's lame sharply dressed half stepbrother cocaine did.

Talk to you soon,
Love Lyndsay

ps this page didn't have enough floating heads, now it does.



kill your boyfriend

comic reviews : robin

One of the great things about being a comic junkie is going to other parts of the world and finding comics, or having comics from other parts of the world find you. It's a universal language, baby.

A recent find was the Israeli comic *Bipolar*. Created by twin brothers Tomer and Assaf Hanuka, the comic came together in a novel way. Separated at a young age, the bros have re-united to do *Bipolar*. It's intriguing to see the two similar art styles even though they grew up independently and uninfluenced by each other. Translated from Hebrew, the first one was written and drawn by Tomer. Titled "Time Strips," the piece is four two-page snippets: the life of a kidnapper; two kids who love comics; a painter and his cats; and a soldier. The story has no form but is sweet in a sparse way. It's a lot for the imagination Tomer has a sketchy and chunky style that is similar to the unruliness of Teddy Kristianson's, the guy who does *House Of Secrets*. Assaf's story, "Kamikaze Pizza" was my favorite of the three. Starting with one man's funeral, we learn what the afterlife is like for people who commit suicide. Seems like the afterlife is pretty much like here—the bleakness of real life with a twist: you're dead. The writing was a bit blasé, which added a sort of dark humor. Assaf's drawing style is a lot cleaner and a bit more realistic. I also like how the main character of the story was always in the peripherals of the panel. It makes you feel more involved in the story. I'm looking forward to upcoming issues.

When I'm in the comic store sometimes people will come in while on vacations with their comics to sell. *Wishbone* was one of those.



Done by Adam Jamieson from New Zealand, *Wishbone* is a stylish package, from its two-tone cover to its French, clean line style. I say French, clean line style as it's fairly reminiscent of Herge (*Tintin*). But Jamieson adds his own flourish. Everything about it reminds me of autumn because he excels at drawing falling leaves and pieces of paper blowing in the wind. I'm glad he had the foresight to bring his comic along during his travels. It's a story about a community, about love, and trying to tell the future.

I just went to London, UK and although everything there was dead expensive I was determined to find at least one British indie comic. I did find one I liked. *The Book of Sleep* was done by Gabrielle Bell. The first story was about how she had a dream that she met Julie Doucet (*Dirty Plotte*). Titled because her style is a more simplistic, cursive version of Doucet's with a dash of Darcy Darr. At times she manages to excel past the boundaries of her style. In one story called "March of Despair" there's a roundabout chaos of black panels telling more than one story. Wispy and creepy, the stylized people bend every which way. My favourite story was "When I'm Old." When I'm old I'll experiment in drug abuse and always share."

Rarely have I seen anyone do a comic about being old in such a positive light. Reading that made me feel a bit better about the whole aging thing and I appreciated it. After finishing this little gem I found across the ocean, I noticed her contact address was in San Francisco. It still cracks me up.

When I went to San Diego I hooked up with Jordan Crane (*Non*) again and he pulled a Robin. He took me to the Highwater Books booth and piled comic after comic after comic on me. I bought quite a few, but my favorite was *Mjuu Mjuu*. A Finnish comic written and drawn by some guy named Jason. I got issues #5 and 6. They were all silent and mostly about tall skinny animals or crows. They had the same goofy and clever way about them as a Louis Trondheim (*Mimral*) character. The stories are brief, usually one or two pages and simple. A skeleton rises from the grave, does some stretches, notices it's raining and grabs an umbrella from the coffin, fine. Some of them are cute. Like *DV vs. TW*—that's Darth Vader versus Tom Waits. There are mummies, angels, devils, crows, vampires, and lots of Darth Vader. It's utterly charming and enjoyable.

I just wish I spoke Finnish so I could learn more about him. Cool news though, he's going to be in the next issue of *Non*. Turns out he's one of Crane's favorites too.

Some were international and some weren't, and some required a bit of travel and some came to me. The worst? You're probably going to have an impossible time trying to find these. So here are some addresses in case you liked what you heard. *Bipolar*: www.bianuka.com. *Wishbone*: Adam Jamieson, PO Box 5722, Wellesley St., Auckland, New Zealand.

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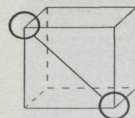
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7 inch

6 JUNE 2001



strut and fret

penelope mulligan

FELIX CULPA
Und
Thursday, May 10
Studio 16

"The only possible resistance to a culture of banality is quality," says playwright Howard Barker. Both his play and this production radiate quality, so I'm still wondering why the tiny theatre space was barely half full on the closing weekend. Granted, Barker's work isn't as well known here as in his native UK, but come on, people. Word of mouth alone should have had packed houses going from a few days into the run.

In *Und*, Barker constructs an artificial world so tightly sprung that everything zings. I willingly crawled into it and found myself making my own rather fragmented sense of things. There were a few highly intricate bits of script, which kept circling me without becoming any clearer, but they hypnotized rather than irritated.

Set designer Kate King's vision of this world is a flat-out

work of art. The title character is pinions to her parlor by her own massive skirt, the hem of which is caught up and attached to the ceiling. (What's with this image of females hamstrung by their pretty dresses? There was a photo series at Artropolis 2001 featuring a woman in a strapless ball gown whose folds were caught up with puppet wires.)

The ambient humming is a beautiful nightmare and the sound effects slice through you like an icy-cold knife.

A hanging tea tray swings like a metronome as she makes increasingly elaborate rationalizations for a gentleman caller's lateness. King also has teapots, tulips and writing implements buzzing down from the ceiling on slanted poles.

Patrick Pennfather's soundscore is as deliberate as the visual design yet feels totally organic—as if it were the play's breath. The ambient humming is a beautiful nightmare and the sound effects slice through you like an icy-cold knife.

Linda Quibell plays Und like a thin-skinned Dorothy Parker trapped all alone in some hellish Algonquin Club of the mind. In some passages, she comes across like a Jane Austen heroine who's been dabbling in Dada. There are other ways she could have done it, but I still embraced the choices she made. Her performance is as elegantly

mad as the script.

Heaven (and of course, Parker) only knows why the woman is named Und. It's the German word for "and," so perhaps comments on the fact that at least half of her immaculately witty sentences remain unfinished because she keeps interrupting herself.

When the anticipated caller finally rings her bell, Und decides to engage in a war of will and refuses to let him in. Knocking and ringing become banging and clanging until he sends her a note with the single,

accusatory word: Jew. Still she witters on about his soldierly nobility and finesse even as he begins setting fire to her house and lobbing bricks through her windows. If this is indeed her guy, he's obviously a Nazi thug and it becomes comically clear that a less "intelligent" woman would never have become involved with him in the first place. Things can go under one's head as well as over—and Und is definitely imprisoned in hers. In this sense, it doesn't really matter which of the events and people in her world are real. The complex mechanics of her self-deception seem to be the point here, and they are all the more horrifying because in less exaggerate ways, they're familiar.

There is also a suggestion that Und has been waiting to self-destruct all along. When she realizes that the caller is going to kill her, she goes willingly to let him in. And I sensed a shiver of pleasure in her capitulation: as if the whole thing was a fulfillment of an erotic fantasy—kind of like "dating down" but with really high stakes.

As I riffed away on these ideas, I knew that none of them led to a consistent interpretation but it didn't seem to matter. Even fragments can be immensely satisfying when they're dangling from something this fine.



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hey! you there! are you one of those kinds of people who sits in front of your computer all day and eats chips and drinks soda, plays Magic and masturbates? if so, stop reading this ad right now! we don't want your kind anywhere NEAR us! but hey, the rest of you: DiSCORDER is looking for a **volunteer web coordinator**. that's right, someone to do a monthly update of our online mag and keep it looking all sharp and, well, up to date. if you're sitting around, bored, drinking soda and playing Magic... like I said, don't bother. but if you are into independent music and culture, have a sense of humor and are a computer genius (who also ISN'T a gamer) then call lyndsay at 822 3017 ext.3 and maybe we can hang out together and check out Games Workshops. QUIT IT! I said GET LOST ALREADY!!



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Carls

V for Vendetta is composed of two smart, witty ladies from Providence, Rhode Island. Both do their take on melodic experimental rock that is both engaging and energizing. The following conversation took place in Bellingham where V for Vendetta rocked the house.

V For Vendetta is queer math rock

DISORDER: So how would you musically describe V for Vendetta?

Michelle: We fight about this all the time.

Cara: Go ahead, you say your version first.

Michelle: Well, I like to say feminist math rock, queer math rock. We're queer, we're feminist, and we write about that stuff and we're definitely math rock, but we also hate that "math rock" term because it's got a lot of baggage. I want to claim it for queers and ladies.

Cara: I agree with the description, in principle, but then I just get bent out of shape over categorizing music. I think it's nicer if you go to a show, and the bill is really diverse and people listen to different kinds of things, rather than only showing up hearing one kind of thing and not being open-minded to hearing something else. It's like a necessary evil, I guess. People sort of want to have an idea of what they're in for, but at the same time, it can be a little limiting. Sometimes it would be nice to just be in a rock band.

Michelle: Or a band.

Cara: Or just a band.

Michelle: We also have such different songs. We have really quiet songs and then we have really "rock" songs, and they're both experiments in tempo and time signature changes.

So how did you both start playing together as V for Vendetta?

Michelle: I was in a bar and I was really drunk and I was wondering if Tara Jane O'Neil, who is in Rodan, Sonora Pine, and Retsein, was gay and I was like, "Is Tara Jane O'Neil a dyke?" The guy I was talking to said, "You should talk to Cara," and I was like, "Who's Cara?" Does she know Tara Jane O'Neil? Cara didn't, but she was a dyke.

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Cara: So we had that in common.

What instruments do both of you play?

Cara: Well, I started playing piano when I was really little and I did that for a long time. Then I switched to cello when I was really young. I went to college for cello and then I didn't really like classical music because I felt like it wasn't culturally relevant or culturally radical or involved. It just seemed like this sort of weird "high art" sort of thing that I personally couldn't deal with. So I started playing guitar and drums and stuff. I had played guitar in high school, but I started to become more interested in writing my own songs and not playing someone else's.

Michelle: I played piano and clarinet in school then I started playing guitar.

So how were you inspired by the V for Vendetta comic novel?

Michelle: I was a comic geek in high school and it was the first comic I read and I always really liked it. I loved the artwork, I think. In some ways it's a little cheesy, but being in ninth grade...

Cara: [slurred fanboy voice] It's cool and I thought it would be cool to name my band that.

Michelle: Cara was into comics, too, even though she hadn't read V for Vendetta until relatively recently.

Cara: She lent it to me and I had it for a year, and I hated the artwork so much that I couldn't even bring myself to read it.

Michelle: I thought it was really cool that there's lesbian characters in the novel. You never know the gender of code name "V." I thought that was really interesting. So being that you both seem to coordinate playing a lot of different instruments, how do you work playing live?

Michelle: It used to be a nightmare. But now, we do half the set we'll do drums and guitar with Cara playing drums. I'll play guitar and sing. Then we'll do half a set when we both play guitar and sing. We used to tour with a bass player who played the parts that we wrote, but he hates touring and it's easier being just the two of us.

Cara: We have songs that are guitar and bass, but we don't bother to play them for an audience at this point. We try to keep it as simple as possible right now. I think we're considering maybe having a third band member again because we have samples and stuff. It's too hard for me to try to do them and play drums for Michelle to play guitar and trigger the samples, so we're trying to think of something, but at the same time we really like it, just the two of us.

So you've gone on several mini East Coast tours and you're coming up the West Coast. You seem to be on the road a lot. What has the response been from all your touring?

Cara: Really good.

Michelle: This tour has been awesome.

Cara: Coming up to the West Coast for the first time, there has been some shows where it definitely feels like we're starting over in terms of holding someone's attention. Our songs are definitely weird. I think that sometimes we don't go over so well in a party environment, or things like that. You have to want to take the time to listen to it and follow where things go in order for it to be interesting. If you don't do that then it just sounds like a bunch of sort of noodling around, or whatever. It was hard, at first. But the more we toured and the more we played for people, I think the more that they responded to it. I think that the ideas behind it

can maybe come off as pretentious, but I think when you see us live and we're such total dorks, it makes it not pretentious. Our whole personalities and motivation is to communicate with people and bring people new ideas and get new ideas from people. I love it when people send us zines, or things that they do. We've gotten a couple of really nice notes like, "I like what you do and I wanted to send you what I do." That's great. So I think that live you see that more than you would necessarily on a record, which is why we have so many liner notes because I think it's just important to talk to people, and I hope that they're listening.

Michelle: I also feel as a performer or artist, it's your responsibility. I feel that there's this whole big thing, now, where it's just, "People don't get my art, that's their problem." I think that if you're an artist or performer that it's your responsibility to get out what you want to get out and if you want to get out issues of identity politics, or whatever, then that's our responsibility to make it possible...

Cara: ...not necessarily as only make music accessible but make ourselves as people accessible to talk to.

What types of bands and music are you both into right now?

Michelle: Yes, King Crimson, Rush, all '70s prog rock bands.

Cara: Which she listened to since high school. She was in a Rush cover band.

Michelle: We did Led Zeppelin, too.

Cara: Which totally ruins. What has been in the car a lot?

Michelle: The Need.

Cara: Well, The Need, of course.

They can be defined as prog sometimes, though, too. Cara: I feel that they're just great in that proggy way that still totally rocks. It speaks to people in an unpretentious manner, but they're completely skilled.

Michelle: And we listen to that Chicago stuff.

Cara: Yeah, we listen to that Chicago crap all the time. **Michelle:** Sonny Williamson is something that I've been getting into. He was a jazz drummer. He died really early, but he was a total prodigy. I wish I could do some of the stuff he could do. He plays with John McLaughlin too. I listen to a lot of goofy electronica and hip hop. I try not to listen to stuff that is too much like what I like to do.

So what do you both do besides play music?

Michelle: We're starting this non-profit, women-run and operated community art space in Providence. Six of us live upstairs. It was a library, convent, and an old church. Downstairs, we have two galleries and a performance space. It's in this blighted community in Providence, and we hope to get people who don't have money or access for these kinds of facilities to be able to come in and use the equipment.

What's it called?

Michelle: The Hive Archive. I also wait tables. About 80 hours a week.

Us punk rock waitresses have to unite, I'm there.

Cara: I book shows for other bands.

Michelle: Sometimes I go to school.

So how can interested listeners get a hold of any of your music?

Michelle: We're going to have an album out in the fall. Hopefully that will be widely available because nothing else is, but there's a Mr. Lady's Records camp that just came out, and we have a song on that. That's widely available.

Cara: They're going to carry our CD EP now, which we're almost out of.

Michelle: We also have an MP3 up on our site.

Thanks for your time I really appreciate it. Hopefully V for Vendetta will continue rocking on and freaking out everywhere.

Michelle and Cara: Thank you!

V for Vendetta's CD EP In The End Pretend You Hear Me is currently available through www.heartcorerecords.com. Check out vforvendetta.tumblr.com for more information.



Billy Martin of Medeski, Martin and Wood is a drummer, artist, DJ, label guru and programmer. We know him well by his characteristic sound, style and driving force drumming for MMW. His passion for drumming has elevated him to higher levels in the art of percussion and with his new record label, *Amulet Records*, Billy hopes to expose people to music they would not normally hear. He's also exploring the DJ and programming world and making amazing contributions. As a drummer myself, I was fully enthusiastic to interview Billy Martin about all of his endeavors.

DISORDER: Can you describe your record label, Amulet Records? How did it come about and what is its purpose?

Billy Martin: It started because I wanted to put out this CD. I worked on the album *Percussion Duets* with G. Calvin Weston, another drummer, who I played with in The Lounge Lizards. We had this amazing chemistry, and so I decided to do a session with him and record it. I shopped it around to a couple of people but then got discouraged, so I decided to put it out myself. Originally, the label's purpose was to get the CD out, but then I realized I wanted to keep doing things like that. I was thinking, selfishly, more of the projects that I want to do—like more compositional stuff, expanding on percussion, do my own stuff, incorporate my style and also get other percussionists involved. The label is my outlet for dedicating to the art of percussion. I feel like, culturally, the Western world and the US in particular, percussion is still in its infancy in certain respects compared to Africa or Indonesia. I really believe that Amulet Records is going to be a good thing to get some really interesting and different percussion music out to people.

Who are some percussionists you've worked with and want to work with?

I want to do a compilation of street drummers from around the world. I already have a record's worth of music that I heard in the New York City subways. Bob Moses is also on the label, who's a great drummer, composer, and visual artist. I've released a couple of his records, something that he did in 1970 called *Bittersuite in the Ozone*. Actually, Billy Hart plays drums on it and Bob plays percussion. Anyway, I'm releasing it on CD now as a reissue. Another record I released is called *Love Everlasting* that Bob did with guitarist, Tisziy Munoz, which was a jazz-based project. There's also *Pitamaha*, an album my friend and great recording engineer, David Baker did. He went to Bali and recorded different Gamelan groups all over the island, including an all-female Gamelan group. It's a beautiful record and really special. It's traditional yet current and I feel like people need to hear more of that kind of stuff. So there's that kind of tradition of music that I put out also. I have other records I want to release, but I have to do it one at a time. It's a very small budget. I also want to release a solo CD and I'm almost finished with the composition of the material. It's mainly a percussion ensemble thing with other solo and improvised pieces.

I understand that you have put out something on vinyl?
I just released *Illy B's Volume 1: Groove, Bang and Live Around*. Illy B is an alias of mine and I sign my artwork with it. The record is my first of hopefully several breakout records, which are drum records that DJs use when they mix or play a party or make music.

You used to have a DJ in MMW. How did that inspire you to make your own beats?

DJ Logic, who toured and recorded with MMW, is a great hip hop DJ from the Bronx. He does everything: he scratches, plays spoken word, and blends different styles of music. When we were touring, he would always tell me, you've got all these beats, you should put a breakout record out. And I was like, what's a breakout record? So finally I got around to it and I'm glad I did because this is just the beginning. I realized by doing this how many beats I have, how many variations and rhythms that I can play. I'm really excited about getting that kind of stuff out. What's special about this one is that this first volume is called *Groove, Bang and Live Around*, which is

a title of a book of a friend of mine, who wrote this crazy, psychedelic, pornographic book about visions he had in New Orleans. Steve Cannon used to be a Black Panther and now lives in New York, editing his magazine called *Gathering of the Tribes*. Anyway, I'm going to have guests later who are going to use these beats and we're going to release a double CD. One CD will be just the drum beats and the other one will be special guests playing and collaborating with me on writing tunes and lyrics. I'm going to have DJ Logic do a mix, Kid Koala, Iggy Pop, Guru maybe. I've worked with a lot of people, so I'm going to ask some of these people if they want to do something. I'm also inviting people to send in tapes with what they do with my beats. I love the idea of interacting and collaborating with someone that I've never played with. That's what's so unique and exciting about this record. It's for DJs to use and for musicians to play along with and make music with and use if they want.

How did you record all the beats? Is it all drum set? Did you use a lot of effects?

A little bit of both. I played a bunch of beats live. The producer, Scotty Hard, is a friend of mine and has produced MMW records, Wu Tang, Prince Paul, and other hip hop artists. He wanted me to play along with a drum machine, so the only thing we had in the studio was this old 1960s drum/beat box that had tango, chacha, and other old-fashioned conga beats. But I just used them as a pulse to keep a steady pulse. I just played along and it was like having another percussionist there, but I played against it in a different way than you would hear normally. I'd play drums live and then add some percussion, like a gogo bell or guiro. It was mixed really dub-style Jamaican or totally tripped out, distorted hard-core sounding. That added another dimension to the sound of the drums, so some of it sounds electronic because of the nature of how he processed the sounds. I'm excited to see what happens.

What do you think about programmed beats versus live, organic sounds?

It's all good, if it grooves, programmed or not. MMW had a remix release which followed the first record we did for Blue Note a few years ago with DJ Logic, Guru, Cibo Matto, and Bill Laswell all did a mix, which sounded great. As far as how I play, you'll hear that my sound on MMW records is very organic and unique. I don't use generic sounds. I choose the tones of the drums and percussion in particular. I have some African shit I've found on the street that I find has a really good sound. I'm into these kind of organic sound, but at the same time, programming from drum machines can be a very cool thing. I got into it in the '80s, I still have my emulator drum machine, the SP12, but I never use it cause I don't have the time. It's a lot easier for me to start hitting things than plugging stuff in. But I'm all for drum machines. Some of my most favorite grooving music that makes me want to fucking dance so hard is like hip hop shit with a drum machine. But it's got to be done right.

Do you have any unorthodox techniques that you use that have helped create your sound? Who and what are your major influences?

There are lots of influences and they are not all musical, but they come out musically. As far as the sound goes, physically, I like older jazz kits because I think they are more melodic than the newer, heavy rock drum sets that they're making now. I'm also coming from a West African approach to drumming, which is music. Drumming is music and I approach it that way. I'm not just a rhythmic part. It's music, it's compositional what I do. It's melodic, harmonic and polyrhythmic. I've learned a lot of this from African music from Ghana, West Africa, Nigeria, and Zaire. I learned a lot of Brazilian samba stuff in some batucada groups I played with in New York City for a couple of years. I started getting hired as a percussionist a lot, which made me learn a lot about percussion. I'm working on a book right now, *Riddim*, about all the different claves and

Billy Martin

music of African origin. I basically tie in all these rhythms that come from certain parts of Africa and have gone straight to from Zaire and Angola. I've compiled all these rhythms together into different sections and I write it out differently. I use a series and dots that I slowly develop from there. I also listened to a lot of music growing up and played rock and roll. I was listening to Zappa, The Police, Led Zeppelin, Aerosmith, Elton John, The Brothers, Stravinsky, and Tchaikovsky, I like it all. You're also a great artist. What drives your visual art?

The same thing that drives my drumming. Everything I do is improvised, which lets me be as creative as possible. My drawings are improvised. When I start to draw, I like to see what happens, where my hand goes, and then I'll start adding colours and line it turns into something. Sometimes it works, sometimes it doesn't.

You can check out Billy Martin's artwork and further extend www.amuletrecords.com. And check out what Medeski, Martin and are up to at www.mmw.net.

By Sarka Kocicka

mirah, oh that olympia font

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX



XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

K Recording Artist and frequent Microphones collaborator Mirah Yon Tom Zeilny writes the cutest songs currently coming out of Olympia, WA. Her songs are honest, fun, and often very sexy in an unassuming, precious way. She called me the morning after returning from her trip to rural Pennsylvania, where she was making maple syrup on her family farm.

interviewed and photographed by adam handz

Describe your music in 10 words.

It's very personal and stubborn; it makes its own choices.

How did you get started in music?

I have gotten to listen to amazing great music ever since I was born, thanks to my parents who kept the turntable always well supplied. And I've been singing practically since I was born, too. We all like to sing in my family. I never knew I could write a song, though, 'til I was in this class in college. I had an assignment to write a song, so I was like, "Okay, I don't really know how to play the guitar yet, but that couldn't matter too much..." I was just being a good student, you know. But it worked out pretty well and I've been writing songs ever since.

Do you want to talk about your involvement with The Microphones?

Oh God, people had better watch out for Phil's new album, it is totally the best one ever. It's probably not going to be out for several months, but oh my God, just you wait. Things changed a lot for me when I became friends with Phil. He really inspired me in all these different ways. Co-producing projects with Phil got me more interested in the recording process itself, all the different possibilities of sound and production, whereas before I had pretty much just been a person who wrote songs and played guitar to herself in her bedroom. Phil is a really hard worker and he's extremely creative. He makes amazing, beautiful things all the time and he doesn't ever stop. He's very thorough. Phil was creating big huge sound things and I was able to be inspired to make big things too.

What was your experience performing in the rock opera, *The Transferred* [written by The Need and Nomy Lamm] like?

I'd say that being involved with *The Transferred* was like building a massive and impressive cathedral. Oh! The toil and the sweat and the triumph! It was hard. It was incredible. I've been involved in a

lot of group projects in Olympia, but *The Transferred* really brought it all together. It was like we were all applying everything we had learned in life so far to this gigantic collective art project. I feel really strongly about the piece itself. It dealt with anti-corporate themes and, in the case of our production, it was mostly queers and transies that were on the stage and behind the scenes. There were no gender specifications for any of the characters. Who writes theatre pieces like that? Only a rare and precious few. Anybody, in whatever way they are a freak, could have been any of the roles in the play and that is radical, that is amazing.

Who do you consider your influences and contemporaries?

My involvement with The Microphones has made the most tangible impact on me. My initial experiments with recording, some of which are on *You Think It's Like This But Really It's Like That* were made with Phil in mind. Influences? I am influenced by the people around me, people who I love. I write about them. I see them working and making things and I respond by working and making things.

What is a typical day in your life?

If I'm not making maple syrup on a farm in Pennsylvania or driving on a strange road to a strange town to play a strange show for strangers, I might be found wandering around trying to be productive but instead getting lost in good conversations and then going home to wash dishes while listening to Bruce Springsteen really loud.

What's your favorite song of all time?

"Heaven Is 10 Zillion Light Years Away" by Stevie Wonder is the first one that comes to mind. I have a lot of favorite songs.

Name the three most recent books that you have read.

A Peoples History of the United States by Howard Zinn, *Gender Outlaw* by Kate Bornstein, and *Watership Down* by Richard Adams.

mates of state make great dates



By Lindsay Marsak

Mates Of State are a couple in love hanging out in Oakland, California. The music they make is a blend of emo and pop, rounded out by the girl-boy vocal harmonies, a big old Yamaha organ and clanging drums. Their most recent release My Solo Project, on Omnibus Records, has been lauded by many as perfect pop. They will also have a new album out in June. Don't overlook Mates of State because their name sounds like they should play brooding German industrial music. Cause they don't.

DISCORDER: How did you start your band? Why? When?

We started this band in December 1997. We met, fell in love, and started this other guitar-oriented band together in May. By December we began playing around with the organ and drum configuration and found that we liked how it developed. This was in Lawrence, KS. We moved to San Francisco in 1998.

How do you define success?

Happiness plus progress, without interfering with someone else's move towards the same thing.

Why are you based in Oakland? How did you end up there? Why does Oakland have such a thriving art scene?

We actually live in San Francisco, so we can only talk about that, per se. We really enjoy the amenities of this city and are excited about all of the diverse people working on cool things. There's really a sense of a supportive community which only encourages one to work harder.

How do you explain your job to relatives who have no idea what you do?

Well, considering we went to college to be trained to do the jobs we do during the day, it's really pretty easy. By the same token, we've been playing music now for so long that it doesn't come as a surprise to our families that we continue to develop this "work" as well.

What goals do you have as artists? Did you study music in school?

To continue to play music that suits us and to progress as musicians. Kori studied music briefly in college, and we've both been playing since childhood.

If you could play a show with anyone tomorrow, who would it be?

A fantasy trip for us currently would be opening on the Neko Case, Nick Cave bill.

How does your creative process work? The words first or the music?

We get to the practice space and hash things out. We write together allways, and a lot of the times, one of us will begin something and the other will finish it. We always write the music first and then the lyrics and sometimes lyrics come concurrently.

How has your work been influenced by your relationship? How has your relationship been influenced by your work?

They are so one in the same that it's hard to separate the two. It has made both relationships more open.

What kinds of equipment do you use?

One Musicman amp head split between a Kustom (2X15) bass cabinet and a 4X12 Marshall three-quarter size guitar amp. Yamaha Electone YC-45d organ. 1960s Gretsch round-badge kit. Voices.

Do you have any advice for aspiring musicians?

Not really. If a person really aspires to be a musician, they need no advice.

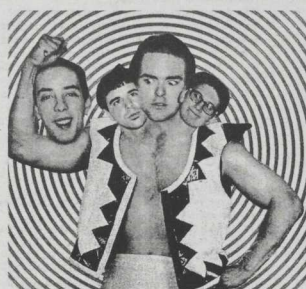


ATLAS STRATEGIC: FUCKING WANKERS!!

You shouldn't hate Atlas Strategic because of this interview. You should enjoy their music and ignore their personalities. Upon seeing Atlas Strategic play live a number of times, I must say that, live, they rule. There is a certain nutbar energy in which the lead singer sits out of his skinny-ass, knee-jerking aura that just can't be ignored. The other members attempt to capture their own mystiques (Example: organ player. Asshole chic has never been cool, and never will be. Trying your asshole chic darndest to be the most anti-PC stinker in the room will always make you the biggest, stupidest asshole chic stinker, that includes ESPECIALLY using the "n" word. Idiots). They don't quite cut it, but that's okay. Hot oil on naked bodies and inspired sermons can be fun. The music of Atlas Strategic? Gospel-rocking, slutty monkey-dancing blues, all bleeding through a very stoned and very drunk filter. Wurlitzer organ, saxophone and scurrying guitar combined with the scratched-out, freak-out vocals make Atlas Strategic... well, Atlas Strategic. They just released an album on Vancouver's Global Symphonic Label titled *Rapture, Ye Minions*. Here is an interview with Victoria, B.C.'s Atlas Strategic.

Thank you for choosing ATLAS STRATEGIC for an interview in DISORDER. Having received your questions via "E-mail," on what you humans so adorably refer to as "computer," we read and processed them, all the while appreciative and mindful of your punctuality, a quality sorely lacking in the more artistically inclined of your primitive species. Let us say "right off the bat" that I would rather thrust my head into the howling fetid maw of Cernomulus OVERLORD OF THE EXALTED RACE OF TENTACLED BEASTS than tell you what the most unappealing combination of food we can think of is. We do not apologize. We understand that fluffy nebulous "tid bits" are fun and meant to impart a feeling of closeness and comfort, as if to say "Here are some real people playing real people's music," a concept that is at the very nucleus of PUNK ROCK, or whatever you hairless monkeys are calling it these days. Concerning Haikus, we could not resist as they embody the "Japanese" aesthetic of beauty, grace, and economy; concepts even the workroids who toil in the hydrocarbon mines of Alpha Seti Eight admire (or at least we find pleasure in feeling that they do knowing full well that they lack even the most base level of sentience).

DISORDER: Who are your members and what are their roles?
Ans: Vocals, guitar, and procurement of warm living host bodies.



Brooklyn: Guitar; barefoot and pregnant.

Steve: Drums.

Atlas Organ, obnoxious "asshole chic" behavior, middle aged womanizer and cougar taxidermy.

Explain your music in a haiku. (Or any old way if you want.)

sounds for the wet fraus,

Schnell! Schnell! Schnell! mein Leibchen.

Rapture mein Deutschland!

If one film could express the music of Atlas Strategic, which film would that be and why?

(Three way tie) *The Patriot* (pre apocalypse), *Meet Joe Black* (Brad Pitt's unquenchable lust for peanut butter A.K.A. present apocalypse), *The Postman* (post apocalypse).

Who would you call your musical contemporaries... blablablablah.

Hawksley Workman: poet, troubadour, and sore loser.

What local (Victoria or Vancouver) bands tip your ass apart?

Songhees, Coast Salish, and Cowichan why? Five hundred plus years of genocide.

What's the deal with the organ player's obnoxious "asshole chic" behaviour?

Atlas: As I pulled my El Dorado into my meat garage, a thought struck me: "Why, with my heavy hand towards GOD, shall I be persecuted by my fellow minions?" As a young altar boy, dug deep in the panhandle or as we called it, "the Of 'Duty," I questioned my own existence and my place at Jesus' buffet. My convictions weak and my will wavering, a long road to ruin lay spread out before me like the line to get government cheese. I was a soft, impressionable lackey, with my butt in the air to receive the regular lashings reserved for they downtrodden, meek serfs like myself. With the cruel deep southern sun burning a devil into my eyes, I became blinded, but more than that, I became strong. I realized that it was time to become a man and leave the pleasures of the flesh behind, beat a new path, and form my new congregation of power and might: it was ATLAS STRATEGIC, and I saw that it was good. Now guided by a mystical, self-serving force, I must step on the necks of the helpless and hopeless while all the time hypnotizing the non-believers with my SOILENT GREEN GRASS. Through a cloud of smoke, I will appear more powerful than the heat of the earth's crust. So fear not my visage rouge, and the electric verbiage that is being licked off my tongue. This is your chance, my minions, to ride the golden chariot of ATLAS STRATEGIC up to the heavens, waving to the Greek gods as you speed by. The chrome horse bought at Ghetto Purchase has room for all mankind! So peel back my layers and know me as the root of all goodness. Do not be afraid, for I am here to protect you!

When I say "spreadin' the magic" you think...

Brooklyn: One ring to keep them, one ring to bind them, one ring to hold them, and in darkness find them.

Dan: Kill the head, and the body will die.

Steve: Free condoms at the needle exchange.

Atlas: Taking a warm cup of milk from the breast of the blessed Virgin Mary... and sharing it "wit' my bitches."

photo credit: www.sweetleash.com

INTERVIEWED BY LINDSAY S!!

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Centuries ago, there was a very special breed of man known as a Troubadour. In a world where people were mostly locked to their land, where art was not understood by the masses, where commercialism, though limited, was important for bare survival, the Troubadour stood apart. He moved on and about his own space. His world was measured on his musical output and flow on a daily basis. He continually sang, composed, practiced, made or repaired his instruments. He did this not only for the pleasure and satisfaction of others but more importantly, for his own self. Centuries later I sat down and talked to a present day Troubadour in his East Vancouver loft. His name is Moka Only, one of the West Coast's most prolific hip hop artists. Originally a founder of the Swollen Members crew, he recently released his first full length solo album *Lime Green*, on Vancouver's Battleaxe Records.

interview and photographs by chris taylor

DISCORDER: So you've done three videos, you've got major distribution with Caroline, you've dropped on 15 albums, toured Australia, and you're bound for Brazil and Japan. Are you content with what you've achieved?

Moka Only: Yeah, I'm happy. Sometimes I might take it for granted, but then I might catch myself at home going, "Wow look where I live, I'm living okay now, and rap has done all this, hip hop brought me into this, I'm happy." I wouldn't be disappointed if this was as far as it got, but I know in my heart I could make it pop even more. I'm not talking about some world domination, I'm just talking about more people hearing what I'm doing, know what I mean? As an artist, that's your goal. A lot of kids who claim underground are kidding themselves when they say you gotta keep it real, small and stuff. What are you doing it for? Don't you want people to hear your stuff? I mean, we're opening up portals for people.

How important is it for you to find a formula that works, while trying not to sound repetitive?

There will always be people out there who will criticize you for finding a niche. I think I've found mine, but I remember myself saying that all I got to do is elevate it. I haven't changed since the first tapes, except I've gotten more polished and I've found things that work better for me. I've learned the type of techniques it takes to get people's attention.

What would be your least favorite aspect of hip hop?

Dang... I don't really have a least favorite... I have a most favorite, but I'd say it would be people who don't really put a lot of feeling into it. The ones who rap just to rap, I kind of question their motives.

So other than music, what type of influences do you have? What influences you, and what do you draw muses from?

Other than music? Honestly though, I used to be a very quiet and shy person when I was younger. I was kind of like an outcast, in elementary and high school. I wasn't up in your face. And the fact that I've changed from that is an inspiration in itself. I feel like I can conquer anything. Family, friends, homes... if you ain't alone in this world, I'm sure you have some inspiration, know what I'm saying? Obviously music too.

So you've been quoted: "Moka Only helped to pave the way in the sense that he established a lot of hip hop listeners in Victoria and pumped up the scene." What are your thoughts on that?

Absolutely, man. It was me, Sound Advice, Prevail. I feel we were doing something that people weren't doing. We were the ones who really made freestyling a big thing there. Nowadays everybody freestyles, but I think that if it wasn't for what we did in BC it might not be where it's at right now. We really put a lot of work into it. Me and Prevail used to go around and do shows everywhere, rapping for change, trying to get some change for some cheap burgers, you know? Doing shows on the ferry, or on the transit bus. Standing on the street rapping for money, there was always something going on. We didn't have a lot of written material or recorded songs; all we had was our spontaneity and our moments.

Did anyone ever tell you when you were starting out that what you were doing was a waste of time, or that you wouldn't achieve anything?

Yeah, I hate to say this, but that was the vibe I got from my parents when I first got into it. But that's understandable. That whole thing about being an artist in any genre, parents have their first concerns about it. But this was do or die, I swear. Ever since I was born I knew I wanted to be a musician. I mean, I've heard countless, countless times, not directly to my face, but I've heard it, people saying I wasn't going to amount to anything. But I proved them all wrong. I'm doing this for me. Sometimes it agitates me, sometimes I'll write about it.

So what kind of advice would you give to up and coming producers or hip hop acts?

You know I've been asked that, but I really don't know how to respond to that one man. It depends on... are you fresh? [laughs] My advice honestly is, if your heart's really in it, and you're really, truly feeling it and you're getting a positive response from people, but you don't have the so-called means to put stuff out in a big way, I'd say don't worry about it. By any means necessary put it out. If you have to record shit on blank tapes from four-track and sell that on the streets, do it. Give it to everybody and anybody. Do it. Sell it, make people know that you're confident in your own self. Sell it up, while being a realist, though. If the shirt's not tight, don't lie and say it is. Don't worry about trying to send your demons around cause that shit don't work, it just gets ignored far too

often. Make a buzz for yourself before you go the other route. It's not that difficult, it's just a time consuming thing, it's a patient thing. Patience is the biggest thing. You have to learn patience. Talking about other people. And if you're not happy I'll just laugh at you. I'm happy.

Why do you think you've achieved success so far?

Luck, is number one. Number two, I think what I do is truly different. I come with a different perspective, an outcast perspective. I've always been kind of a loner, which has made me look at things from a whole different dynamic. Those two things, combined with a few other things like hard work, consistently working and not giving up. I'm not going to accept not being successful. That's garbage. Anybody can do what they truly want to do if they choose to keep at it, and that's for real, that's not just a saying you hear your mother say. That's

universal law right there.

Who have you seen onstage or live that has rubbed off on you or inspired you?

My boys Mystic Journeymen, for one. They really pack their energy and they've got a unique production. They come from years of hard work, doing it themselves. They have sort of a spiritual thing, with kind of a cult following. Appreciate that, it reminds me of some Grateful Dead type shit, know what I'm saying? Two, Public Enemy, they were just gods to me! And then I see Chuck D turn around and put one of my records on his top 10 favorite list on his website, I mean that just thrilled the hell out of me man! People like that inspire me. A lot of my friends too that are musicians, they inspire me. **Why do you choose to sing in Vancouver? Or Canada for that matter?**

Canada? It's where I grew up. I'm rooted to this place. This is my city despite some of the crap I have to deal with. It's home.

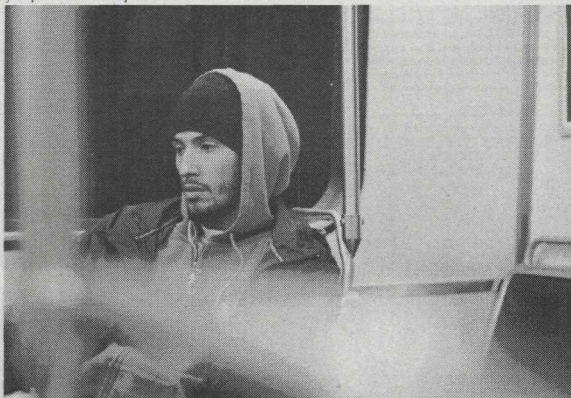
It's West Coast, I love it. I've tried my hand in some different places, I lived in San Diego, California, it was great. I've lived in Ontario, but I just feel connected to here. Connected to the ocean, the mild climate. It's great, and it's a growing city. It can still go so many places, it's not like New York or Los Angeles where people have been set in stone for a long time about what it is. It's like an experimentation, living here. It feels like fresh ground here. Even though hip hop has been here for a long time, it feels fresh, like it's up to us to shape it and mold it. It's exciting, the whole Pacific Northwest. Not even just Vancouver, Victoria, Seattle, Portland. This whole feeling that we all have together.

What's next? What's going to be the biggest challenge for you next in your career?

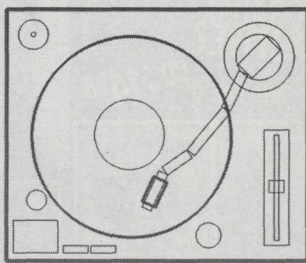
Balancing different projects, trying to strike a balance, trying

not to saturate and maintain consistency without boring my listening fans. The most challenging thing though would be staying "me." 'Cause being in a public spotlight can really alter your perception of reality, so that's one of the demons I'm fighting with right now. Staying me, staying happy. Would you like to be remembered as a pioneer in the BC hip hop scene?

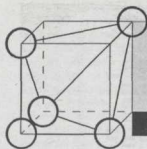
Not to saturate and maintain consistency without boring the pioneers. It's a come and go thing. I just want to be known as a quality craftsman, really. Somebody who anybody could feel. I'm not making this for any one audience. I don't want to be pigeon-holed. I hate to say this, but it's about universal music, universal law and life. I mean, it's nice to be recognized for the efforts you put in as far as paving the way, it's all good, but I just want to be known as a quality craftsman and I just want to be consistent.



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under review

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NATACHA ATLAS
Ayestemi
(Mantra/Beggars)

On this, her fourth album, (or fifth if you count last year's disappointing remix album) Atlas totally reminds me of Kate Bush. She doesn't really sound like her, but she just sort of evokes her. Highly dramatic with a hint of self-mocking, Atlas's music is sensual, rhythmic, surprising, and provocative.

Electronica fans may be familiar with Atlas through her work as a vocalist and dancer with Transglobal Underground, yet it is her solo offerings where her talent really grabs hold of you. I am an unabashed fan of Atlas, and almost ejaculated with joy when I saw that her new CD contained a cover of one of my favorite songs ever written, "Scream" by Jay Hawkins. "I Put a Spell on You." (Ayestemi also contains another song stamped with Nina Simone's signature style, Jacques Brel's "Ne Me Quitte Pas.") The lurching, stomping intro to "I Put a Spell on You"

reaches right down into your uterus and is then punctuated by some supreme scratching which gives way to a smattering of arabic strings and Atlas's straightforward, passionate vocal delivery of the only English lyrics on the album. The rest of the record is just as fucking good. I shit you not. Recorded in Cairo (currently Atlas's chosen home), *Ayestemi* finds her further at ease in consolidating North African Arabic musical styles with Western electronica, resulting in a seamless union where nothing sounds mismatched or out of place.

Hancunt

ANN BERETTA
New Britain...Old Glory
(Lookout)

If the people at Lookout! are hoping that these guys can live up to the Richmond, Virginia legacy that Avail has left them with, I'm sorry to burst their cash-hungry bubble. If *New Union...* were about 25 years old I might get excited, but even that's doubtful because it's just

too damn bland. Clean-as-a-whistle production combined with predictable "fight song" type melodies does not an interesting punk rock record make. Only one track really stuck in my mind, "Nowhere Generation," until I realized that the chorus was totally plagiarized from Sham 69's "Hey Little Rich Boy." Which came out about, well, 25 years ago.

Ann Beretta, if you're going to make a three-chord punk rock album circa 1997, try to follow these rules: have "dirty" production, have a vocalist who doesn't sound cheesy, and please avoid clichéd song titles like "Glorious Bound" or "New Day," not to mention "Nowhere Generation." Ever notice how Bad Religion's downfall seems to have coincided quite nicely with the increase in their production budget? If Ann Beretta would only record this in somebody's room the folks at Lookout! would be a lot better off.

Jason

BARDO POND
Dilate

(Matador)

Bardo Pond has all the key ingredients needed for putting out a painfully stoner-rock album: drug-inspired epic space jam songs with heavily distorted guitars and wah-wah pedal.

Thankfully, Bardo Pond are one of the few bands that can actually justify the existence of this genre. Perhaps it is because they are all art school graduates and not gamers getting stoned in their parents' basement, soloing over top of Manowar on Steve Vai signature seven string guitars. The first track on *Dilate* starts off with a quiet, simple guitar line which is followed by creaky and sad violin, underwater sounds and drums, and builds up to a heavily distorted but dreamy crescendo. It makes me think that this is what might happen to Low if they lost their Mormon edge and got stoned and gritty. The rest of the album has the same amazing drug induced dreaminess, without sounding repetitious. Jam rock? Yes. Wanking? No. Except for the stoner-grunge song, "b," if you're down with rockin' the bong, puttin' on some coloured lights and having a solo glitter and gold jam, *Dilate* is good news.

Lil Richard

BRIGHT EYES AND SON,
AMBUANCE
Oh Holy Fools
(Saddle Creek)

I kick myself in the dick four times for missing Bright Eyes when they came to town. I was at home jamming on a special mucous releasing session with my nose, puffy as all hell and grumpy too with a giant headache. I could have gone anyway. I could've snotted all over Conor Oberst and made him cry for making me cry over his beautiful music. *Oh Holy Fools* is a split CD featuring old Bright Eyes and Son, Ambulance, giving you a taste of what makes people cry these days.

Bright Eyes is one of those bands that makes you ache with about a thousand different emotions, thoughts and other goofy-sounding words. First you're punched in yer soft little gut by the inherent good times poppiness of it all. Next you realize that the lyrics are about the saddest things you've ever heard. Then comes misery, loneliness and love lost, stroked by the down-treading melody and drama of the arrangements. By the end of the listen you're just about bawling on the goddamn floor. Special note: some might feel annoyed by the vocals on Bright Eyes. Some, I think, might think that this guy's doing some sorta indie rock impassioned emo croon and he should shut up. Those who know better know that this guy is solid gold. Keep singing, young one. Please don't forget that Sou, Ambulance also rips

new a-hole on this album too, with twinkling tones of Belle and Sebastian and that feeling of walking along the streets on a pretty summer day with the breeze blowing through your goddamn hair and you stop, admiring the bustle and culture of the city, and you think to yourself, "Man, life is reeeaaaal cool."

Lindsay S

BULLFROG
Puzzle Piece 2
(Independent)

Montreal's Bullfrog continues their trend setting CD3 series (EPs recorded on 3 CD) with this second CD in as many years. The CD3 is sort of a 7" single for CD lovers. Recently, unconventional North American bands such as Bullfrog, have spurred on a resurgence in the format.

Whereas Bullfrog—a funk fusion/acid jazz collective featuring Kid Kozal on the decks—learned more toward a slow groove "70s sound, inspired by the likes of Barry White and Isaac Hayes (but slightly dancing) on the first CD3 (which is not really titled, much like this one, but has a picture of just one puzzle piece on its cover, as opposed to two on this one - hence we'll call that CD3 *Puzzle Piece 1*), this CD moves on to the '80s soul, hip hop and pop influences while still giving a nod to the influence of the previous EP.

Where *Puzzle Piece 1* is an EP is *chill out* to, being in a dancing, or at least head-bobbing, mood will help you appreciate *Puzzle Piece 2*.

As for the actual songs, Bullfrog spread their collective wings this time out and explore a wider range of sounds, utilizing the Kid's acrobatic but understated record cutting, Mark's cool as ice guitar groove, Peter's big fat bass bumps, Massimo's tight and accurate drum timekeeping, and Joanna's sweet and lush cello beats to their utmost potential. Add new member MC BuRum 13 and his nimble rhymes on the second, and best, track, "Reverse Psychology," and you have a potent and exotic musical concoction that could only come from the province of Quebec.

Spike

C AVERAGE
Second Reaking
(Kill Rock Stars)

I am a gamer in a dank stuffy basement with Cheese Puff stains on my stubby little acne fingers. I smell like cold sperm, limp wang and body odor. I lie on my bed with my hands behind my greasy haired ponytail. I listen to C Average. It speaks to me. Metal riffs, Dungeons & Dragons wank material and eminent head banging rock. This is *Hesher Country: Acid* is a skid drug. And I got no place to go but

here.

Lindsay Shay

COUCH
Profane
(Matador)

This instrumental band is something to look out for. For those of you who love the lush sounds of Tristeza but wished they were a bit more aggressive in their sound, you may find kindred spirits in the ranks of Couch.

With an equal blend of keyboard and guitar tricks, they successfully create songs with simple arrangements but with emotional depth. Unlike the temptation of some instrumental acts, they don't indulge in ridiculously long passages of repetition, but they discipline themselves, keeping their songs usually under five minutes with one or two reaching the six minute mark. Their guitar sounds are clean, and they have a good sense of what it takes to make a song move. With that said, some of their other songs creep along unburied and calm. Once again, Matador does a good thing by signing this band.

Samuel Kim

DBS
Forget Everything You Know
(Ache Records)

DBS, spawn of Danzig, it is time you return to the depths from which you sprang. Truly, your time among us mortals was brief but not without much pain and pleasure. Misguiding the minions of North Van and others elsewhere, you came to us with matching t-shirts and bad punk-rock attitudes and infected the youth with many new ideas.

DBS, you have plagued me since your very beginning - I saw you croon to me on the Slam City Jam stage so many years back, and your goddamned "Snowball" song remains etched in my brain, springing forth on odd occasions.

Your final recording, this magnificent EP, marks an end to something great in our scene, and your devilish efforts will be remembered by many as the soundtrack to growing up punk in Vancouver.

Julie C

DESTROYER
Streethawk: A Seduction
(Misra)

This album comes in the wake of Dan Bejar (AKA, for all intents and purposes, Destroyer) quitting his partnership with New Pornographers. Presumably, he was repelled by the wide critical notoriety and moderate commercial success achieved by the Vancouver supergroup's superlative *Massive*. Bejar, it appears, is something of a militant anti-careerist and this

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kind of involvement in the music business causes offense to the delicate touch of artistic purity. So, if you thought Destroyer's last album (*Thief*) was an impassioned poison-pen letter to an industry that could, and probably would, make Dan a star, just imagine the outpouring of bile that you'll witness in *Streethawk*. Perhaps surprisingly, given the album's acerbically anti-commercial lyrical content, this is Destroyer's most focused and polished collection of music to date. Bejar started off with his "career" as a mercurial lo-fi noodler, gradually refining his craft and putting together a band, eventually arriving at a style firmly rooted in the sound of Eno/Cale art school glam. But, while *Streethawk* is essentially '70s rock with unusually bitter lyrics to (if you'll excuse the unusually pertinent "clique" more than the sum of its parts. Bejar's obtrusively letter couplets, unique nasal delivery and imaginative song structures are the catalysts that give this remarkable gestalt reaction to take place. That is to say this guy's got serious talent. Let's just hope he allows the excellent new album to get the widespread hearing it deserves.

Sam Macklin

JERK WITH A BOMB The Old Noise (Screach)

I'm not sure if mere words can justify how enjoyable this album is. In a day and age where honesty is hard to find, *Jerk With A Bomb* come to the rescue. One thing that makes this album so great is how closely it resembles their live show. They choose to eschew all of the fancy studio effects to make this record, which contributes to the label of "minimalist" or "stripped down." Yet to attach a label to this local two-piece outfit would detract from the beautiful lyrics, the weeping guitar riffs, and the solid song arrangement.

The Old Noise switches between cry-in-your-boer tones like "Dee Moon" to the hand-clapping jig of "Something Else," a song that has often inspired live audiences to grab a partner and cut a rug. I guess it would be wrong to write a review without mentioning that these guys go by the monikers of One Easy Skag and The Silo, and that One Easy Skag plays guitar and sings while The Silo plays drums and keyboards at the same time. It also wouldn't hurt to mention that The Silo looks like the cute little elf who wants to be a dentist from the television classic *Rudolph The Red Nosed Reindeer*.

Heather Termitte

ADAM MARSHALL AND DANIEL GARDNER Domestic Appliances (Mediol)

Mr. Marshall has been rocking it for several years as one of Toronto's premiering technicians, and house DJs, and lately he has been turning to production, with several excellent releases on various labels including Dumb Unit. Vancouver's Mr. Gardner brings his downtempo groove to his own Mediol records project to mesh with Marshall's oddball minimalism in a well chilled-out CD. The tracks rarely tension-out or drive into a dancefloor beat. Instead, a welcome flood of space and drawn-out sounds warm up. The sounds are more open and less tight than German chilled downtown-techno and not as peculiar as Marcellino's new release. An incredible and original album. And, provided I don't have to visit a hospital anytime soon, an enjoyable album too.

Duncan H. McHugh

METALWOOD The Recline (Blue Thumb Records/ Verve/ Universal)

For Metalwood's fourth studio album they departed from the DIY approach and signed with Verve. So what about the pros and cons of being in the majors? Well, Verve gave them the dough to get jazz guitar god John Scofield, as well as Mino Cinelu (past percussionist with Miles Davis and Weather Report), and NYC superstar DJ Logic. In the latest issue of *Musik Etc.*, Metalwood admits that there were some strings attached to the major cash. Verve wanted a groove album that would "appeal to the masses."

But don't you worry, *The Recline* doesn't sound like a Phish album, is full of flacid white "funk" which does nothing to propel the ass in any direction at all. No way. *The Recline* is still a jazz album, and Metalwood is still a jazz band with all the elements in the right place. Although tracks like "New Pains" almost pander to an aimless jam band sound, the honest truth is that to bring the shit back to a jazz, albeit

the sound of flesh being cauterized, the experience can be a little much. Yet one has to smile and the inventiveness and audacity of such an undertaking.

Another standout track is "For Felix (and all the rats)," which samples the sound of rats in cages. The result is a stark and symphonic piece with a climax full of such fury that, when listening to on headphones late at night, it's easy to see why Orville's Winston Smith chose to confess rather than suffer a fate full of these creatures.

Though at first glance something of a novelty item, Metalwood's new release is an incredible and original album. And, provided I don't have to visit a hospital anytime soon, an enjoyable album too.

slightly parental, vibe. In the liner notes for *The Recline*, bassist Chris Tarry acknowledges that there "are more times on this album. A lot of the material on the first three albums was improvised. Here, we've tried to capture that spontaneous vibe but with more thoroughly written tunes." I don't know about DJ Logic scratching on some of the tracks. Often it doesn't blend into the music at all, the sound is too clean and high, staying on the same tonal range for the duration of his contribution and frankly sounds like an afterthought, something thrown in to make Metalwood appeal to the kiddies or something. Logic would do well to check out Kid Koala's work and hear how turntablism can embody a jazz esthetic and sound. *The Recline* will do well with the hippies, but Metalwoods and jazz lovers will not be disappointed either.

Hankfunk

NEOTROPIC La Prochaine Fois (N'Tone)

Riz Maslen, aka Neotropic, has gained quite a reputation for herself in a series of releases on which she has achieved a style of electronic music that is gritty, militant and compelling. Needless to say expectations for her new album are high among those who know her music. *La Prochaine Fois* is Maslen's most ambitious work to date and sees her collaborating with The Verve's guitarist and a string arranger who has scored Manic Street Preachers songs. Wait a second... did I just say "Manic Street Preachers"? Yes readers, you read right and—as you may just be figuring out—*La Prochaine Fois* is a perfectly dreadful piece of empty, pretentious middlebrow crap. Clearly disenchanted with bleating away at music industry's margins, Maslen has decided to go for the prize—the Mercury Music Prize, that is. After the atrocious new albums in to bring about, this is 2001's second

most desperate attempt to win Britain's embarrassing "Booker Prize for music." Why a musician whose track record is so solid should wish to debase herself in this way is beyond me. I sat through *Le Prochaine Fois*'s soupy new age muzak a couple of times and even watched the accompanying Quixote film of clichéd nonsense, just willing it to get better. It didn't. Consequently, one has to conclude that only really committed Mike Oldfield fans could survive this mile of this dishearteningly banal epic.

Sam Macklin

NOVILLERO The Brindfollie Follies (Endering)

It's a perfect spring evening—it will light out at 7 PM, yet still too cold for the neighborhood kids to go screaming into the lane to play. Not only that, but I've got the perfect soundtrack to accompany this gentle evening, but whodunnit it would be provided by Novillero, a band whose primary singer (Rod Slaughter of Duotang fame) has a voice that I can tolerate for limited amounts of time! In any case, *The Brindfollie Follies*, Novillero's debut record, is the kind of simple yet hook-laden pop record that seems to have been recorded for nights like this. It's present but not intrusively so. True, the horns and the keyboards and the non-Rod vocal bits might lose their flavour by summer, but by then, any music I put on automatically gets drowned out by the sounds the lane attracts on a hot summer night. Still, summer's at least a good month away—I've got plenty of time to enjoy the spring fling that is *The Brindfollie Follies*.

Cat Moore

hells these, thank you for reading the reviews section, if you would like to continue, simply flip the page with your lit fingers. if you have no fingers, please ask someone who has fingers to help you out, note: fingers are not necessarily needed for this task.



we're off to Ottawa for this year's National Campus and Community Radio Conference! if you want us to bring your local recordings (cassette, CD, LP, whatever) to pass out to radio bigwigs across the country, drop them off to C:TR by June 15, 2001. not too many though, you little monkeys. we have to carry this shit ya know!

PRESENTS

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RED HOUSE PAINTERS

RADIOGRAM
The Starfish Room
1055 Homer Street
C:TR Adv. Tix @ Scratch
10:15-7:30 Zulu, Highlife, Noize.
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Door 9:00pm/Show 9:30pm

SUNDAY JUNE 24
SMG
The Sadies
DAMIEN JURADO
The Starfish Room
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C:TR Adv. Tix @ Scratch
10:15-7:30 Zulu, Highlife, Noize.
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DEVIATES

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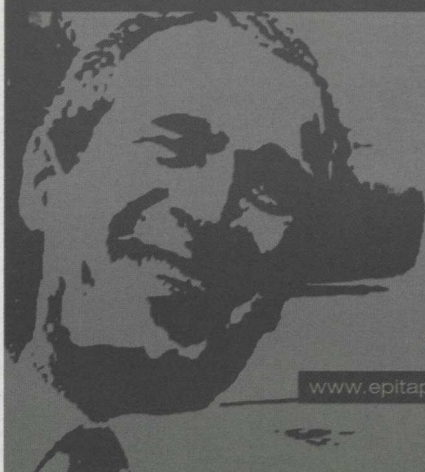
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CRAM IT UP YOUR ASS

PIGGY
Love Letter to Halifax
 (No Records/Cinnamon Toast Records)

A rotating group of like-minded and self-described anarchists makes up this group formally known as The Piggy Calypso Orchestra of the Maritimes. Along with the newly-truncated name, Piggy has also gone for a major sound retooling. None of the sweet pangs and pseudo-reggae rhythms and structure of the previous CD (the amazing 1999 classic *Don't Stop the Calypso* also found on Cinnamon Toast/No), two tapes and numerous 7"s here. Instead, one finds distorted guitars, understated and noodly keyboards, harmonic ska-meets-swing horn arrangements, as well as faux-orchestral strings, brass and woodwinds joining to create a diverse collection of songs from the '70s-influenced college rock of the album's opening title track instrumental to the cheesy bokum swing of "Murder at the Pop Explosion."

The problem with being a band that is a music collective, in the truest sense of the word, is that the resulting musical consistency sometimes tends to be a bit evasive. I'll be blunt, I miss the polished, sunny calypso sounds of Piggy's previously-mentioned first two tapes and last CD. However, the band's unabashed eclecticism and warts-and-all delivery leaves one willing to forgive the

fact that the band forsakes its musical roots. In fact, Piggy comes off as a high-school band possessed—a sound which endears the listener from the word "go."

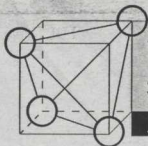
But above all, Piggy's message is what impresses—it almost always has. Mixed in with the irreverence of such instrumental as "Sunlasses on Spring Garden Road" and "North End Ska Rumble" are some hard-hitting commentaries such as the self-explanatory "Homeless Song" and the anarchist god of "Troublemaking in the City." Heavy stuff set to a bouncy soundtrack, Piggy proves that, yes, there is a way to be shut-dis-turbers and still have fun.

Spike

U.S. MAPLE
Ace Thrills
 (Drag City)



Christa Min



vancouver special

janis mackenzie

Pepper Sands
Welcome to...Pepper Sands
 (Independent)

Strangely enough, it was almost a year ago that I reviewed a Pepper Sands EP, also called *Welcome to Pepper Sands*, in this very space. In spite of appearances, it's a different EP this time around, with seven songs instead of four and an enhanced track devoted to the video for the hit "So Fine." As before, this is a fine entry from one of Vancouver's best pop bands. The singer/bassist, who calls herself only Citizen A, has a smooth low voice that's capable of soaring, and most of the time the vocals are doubled, making for a modern, slightly ABBA-flavoured but slightly sneery effect. There's roller-rink style organ in parts of "Ballad of Joe," something that sounds like a huge hollow-body guitar break in "All the Best," and loads of cool breathy harmonies in "Make No Mistake." "Forever Wonder" is downright bouncy, "Tiram" switches over to dreamy rock towards the end, and of course you already know about "So Fine." Best of

all, the last time I visited their website, Pepper Sands were offering free CDs to anyone who asked.

www.mp3.com/PepperSands
 peppersands@hotmail.com

Graham Brown
Good 'n' Broke
 (Stomp Records)

Graham Brown was a founding member of Jr. Gone Wild, Brilliant Orange, and Happyman, which means he's been writing and playing post-punk alt-country songs for well over 15 years. No wonder, then, that he has such a confident, distinctive sound. The first 10 seconds of this CD deliver one of the biggest, brightest, most ringingly beautiful guitar riffs you'll ever hear, and that's electric guitar, in spite of his usual roots designation. The twang is there nonetheless, in Graham's pleasing nasal voice, and the slide guitar, fiddle, and even mandolin that pops up here and there through the tracks. There are also bluegrass influences ("We'll Be Alright"), 1970s Tom Petty moments ("Masterpiece"),

and "Already Done," that first track, reminds me just a little of Dave Edmunds. There's even train-whistle harmonica, organ, and bluesy stuff, but Graham's unerring ear for pop hooks and bold guitar lines holds everything together.

www.grahambrownsongs.com

Papillomas
When Years Were Bee Stings
 (Hub City Records)

Anyone who's heard the Papillomas has to agree that they are the coolest thing about Nanaimo. That's too faint a compliment, of course. They'd be the coolest thing about many a larger city too, playing super-energetic boy indie pop-rock and gleefully singing lines like "You are not a nervous wreck." The woo-hos and cheesy space movie sounds only add to the fun on this EP.

www.papillomas.com

the (sugar
refinery)
 calendar of
 consequence
 June 2001

- ① golden wedding band
- ② ex-moltricon's
- ③ infrequency
- ④ co-op radio benefit
- ⑤ KAIZEN
- ⑥ JAZZ for sunny day
- ⑦ catatonic
- ⑧ oh plane crash comin'...
- ⑨ Sean Macdonald
- ⑩ plays the hits from his third single "hit record"
- ⑪ Paralella
- ⑫ tuesdays
- ⑬ JAZZ curated by MASA ANZAI
- ⑭ JAZZ for Friday
- ⑮ bottle neck
- ⑯ - kaizen
- ⑰ humanophile
- ⑱ socially reckless sweet music
- ⑲ naomi siders
- ⑳ bass + drums
- ㉑ mike zachernok
- ㉒ dave sikula
- ㉓ quartet (jazz)
- ㉔ mike moltricon's sort
- ㉕ adrienne pierce
- ㉖ folk beige attacks
- ㉗ unrefined
- ㉘ hip hop spoken word
- ㉙ explicit active party
- ㉚ mark blowing
- ㉛ ca release
- ㉜ the secret three
- ㉝ - July 21
- ㉞ the second annual
- ㉟ animatter jazz festival
- ㊱ checks under the rim to win
- ㊲ sugar refinery@hotmail.com
- 683.2004



DJ PROFILE:
 trevor fielding
vengeance is mine!
 sundays, 9am -12pm

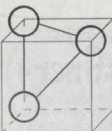
Record played most often on your show:
 Rigger Happy, I'll Sit Up When You Fuck Off
 Record you would save in a fire:
 Propagandhi, How to Clean Everything
 Book you would save in a fire:
 Irvine Welsh, *Filth*
 Record that should burn in hell:
 Metallica, *The Black Album*
 Worst band you like:
 Cradle of Filth
 Last record you bought:
 Propagandhi, *Today's Empires Tomorrow's Ashes*
 First record you bought:
 Death Sentence, *Not a Pretty Sight*
 Musician you'd like to marry:
 Trey Parker
 Favourite show on CiTR:
The Morning After Show
 Strangest phone call ever received while on air:
 Someone who thought Guttermouth's tongue was hors de cheik.



DJ PROFILE:
 hans kloss
hans kloss' misery hour
 wednesdays, 12am-3am

Record played most often on your show:
Louder Than Bombs, The Smiths
 Record you would save in a fire:
 Opposition, *Intimacy*
 Record that should burn in hell:
 The one I don't own
 Worst band you like:
 My own, Garage in Leeds
 Last record you bought:
 Don't like word last
 First record you bought:
 I don't have it anymore
 Musician you'd like to marry:
 Moseley
 Favourite show on CiTR:
 ...in alphabetical order...
 Strangest phone call ever received while on air:
 When people call and say they like the show.





real live action

live music reviews

ST. GERMAIN
Tuesday, April 24
Commodore Ballroom

Oh, what a contrast! The paradigm that the Commodore has become clashed unflatteringly with the Mediterranean sounds of Paris's acid jazz types St. Germain.

After being yelled at for daring to advance towards the Will Call ticket window before one of the bouncers was good and ready (I asked you to stay there, ma'am!), I finally made it inside. The Commodore was packed with everyone from well-dressed internet types to denizens of the Drive. Regardless of income bracket, most people started dancing when St. Germain took the stage. Ludovic Navarre, the self-styled "conductor" of the band, stayed well in the background behind his mixing desk and let the musicians take the spotlight. Presumably, these were the musicians featured on St. Germain's latest CD, *Tourist*, and included a keyboardist, trumpeter, saxophonist, percussionist, and drummer. The live musicians added a feeling of

improv to the music, with solos not being too long and tedious, while Navarre wisely emphasized beats to keep the crowd dancing. The level of musicianship was high, but the musicians could have refrained from gesturing towards their fellow musicians, demanding applause for them. The well-satisfied audience certainly didn't need any prompting, especially as St. Germain's most popular song, "Rose Rouge," was played twice, to the ecstasy of all present. It was disheartening after such an invigorating show to be again barked at by a bouncer, who was concerned that we stay on the correct side of the cord on the way out.

Jane Scudler

HAWKSLEY WORKMAN AND THE WOLVES
ELENI MENDELL
Saturday, April 26
Starfish Room
As far as new Canadian artists go, *Hawksley Workman* has the single best stage presence going. He grabbed the audience's attention from the outset with a cabaret-style entrance—complete with faux feather

boa—and his smoky set-opener "All of Us Kids," a little-known tune off his debut, presumes as an ode of sorts to the faithful fans who had been awaiting *Hawksley's* Vancouver debut long before "Striptease" got airplay on certain popular radio and music video stations.

Hawksley had me squealing with delight not unlike a little schoolgirl when he and his backing band, the Wolves, unleashed "the hit"—I was surprised he played his single so early in the set and not near the end or as an encore, as is tradition (I needed no further proof he is a trend-bucker who is to be admired)—followed by my favourite tune off the first album, the chugging pop anthem "No Sissies," and my fave off the new one, the reggae-influenced "Your Beauty Must Be Rubbing off," as his fourth, fifth, and sixth songs, respectively. I nearly urinated myself in my throes of ecstasy. All the while, Hawksley made love to most of the women And many of the men in the mosh pit. His in-between song banner—the type of pseudo-intellectual stream-of-con-

sciousness meanderings one might expect from a terminal stoner—raised eyebrows and elicited uncomfortable titterings from the relatively mainstream radio-loving audience. As little sense as *Workman's* one-sided discussions with the audience made, they were wonderful interludes to the overdriven exuberance that would resume every time the delicious wolf would shrug at the non-reaction to his nonsensical babblings and launch the band into yet another swaggering guitar-driven song or two.

Hawksley proved himself the consummate showman, conjuring up the spirits of Freddy Mercury, Ziggy Stardust, and Bowie, that character *Joel Gray* played in that movie *Cabaret*, and Bertolt Brecht. His flamboyant antics, which included stripping off layers of clothing, twirling around his boa and writhing on the stage floor, whipped up an energy level among the nearly sold-out house, which I have not beheld in the Starfish in quite some time—it was good to see after attending so many weekday shows at the Fish where the attendance has only been 20 to 50 unenergetic, shoe-gazing folks, tops. The venue, like many others in this city, works best when it is packed and sweaty, and Hawksley got it packed and sweaty in no time.

The throng of faithful sang out loud to almost every song which Hawksley played—especially on the slower, anthemic tunes like "Safe and Sound" and "Tarantule" off the debut release, and "You Me and the Weather" and "Lethal and Young" (all songs which prove *Workman's* song-writer has tapped into that rarely-sourced youthful hope which few performers these days understand exists)—except for some of the older ones and the couple of yet to be released songs he performed.

Workman played a set that lasted nearly two hours and included not one, not two, but three encores—something else that I've rarely seen a performer do in this city. It just goes to prove that if local concert audiences are given something to be excited about, they will recompense that energy back to the performer many times over; it creates a circle of energy which spirals in intensity and leaves one with a concert memory for the ages...

I missed Eleni Mendell's set because I had to hoof it to the Skytrain from home and from the Skytrain to the club because of this stupid strike—but it's not likely I would out have remembered much of her set



Nobody gave us any stinkin' live photos. So we have to run this stinkin' photo of some dumb kids thinking they like to rock out when actually it's their stupid parents who are exploiting them for all they're worth. Like kids doing art that adults go to supposed to be cute. Like Mike Kate and Ashley Olsen aren't having sex with each other. Like, a s...

Photo by Some Wanker

because it would have been overshadowed by the majesty which was the *Hawksley Workman* Traveling Freakshow.
Spike

KITTENS FOR CHRISTIAN THE BUILDING PRESS AUTOPISSY
Friday, April 27
The Cobalt

I guess you never really know what to expect at The Cobalt. The last time *The Building Press* played here they were labeled *The Eurythmics*. I would have gone with *A Minor Forest* or June of 44, but either way, I can see how it wouldn't go over at the house of crust. So I was surprised this time around when I actually heard mention of an encore. Granted, these kids from Seattle shut down the hecklers with one of the best sets I've seen in some time: high energy, loud, often muthy. A weird and rare combination. *Kittens For Christian* played a great set and *Autopussy* did not. I'm not sure the locals cared one way or the other, but I thought KFC were really good. For those like myself needing direct comparison, I would go with *The Ex*. Loud, frantic rock. Leaving. I really felt like I'd seen a great show. Thank you Cobalt.

Chris Clifford

ROCKET FROM THE CRYPT THE INTERNATIONAL NOISE CONSPIRACY THE EXPLOSION
Saturday, April 29
The Commodore Ballroom

Nice for a change to be able to see all the bands' performances from the same spot instead of gradually being forced back by legions of morons over the course of the night (not that there wasn't a fair share of them during *Rocket's* set... more on that later). *Boston's The Explosion* lived up to their name and had a small faithful chanting along to their punk 'n' roll. Good stage banter too—on a smaller stage they'd probably be there. The INC rolled out with a new look, the smooth moves of singer Dennis Lyzzen

(this guy has studied the art of dancing, friends!), and a couple of new tunes from a forthcoming album, but something wasn't right. I couldn't put my finger on it at first, but later I figured it was the crowd: all the between-song banter was lost on a majority of them, and the energy fizzled at points where it should have been boiling. Still, a remarkable set.

When *Diogen's* finest hit the stage, it was body rock! time! A little time off does wonders, and the first evidence of that was in newly-acquired skin basher *Ruby Mars*—just as heavy hitting as previous drummer Atom, and solid to boot. Secondly, *RFC* was genuinely glad to be back, and it showed in the presence of *Speedo*, as he grinned from ear to ear with every wrenching guitar note, and even though he is the leader of the group, he let his comrades have equal billing and shared plenty of stage to showcase their talents. However, *Speedo* was not so accommodating to those who felt that stage diving was also a talent that needed to be shared with the rest of us, and he was quick to belittle their meager attempts—save that shite for the Korn concert, kiddies. And lastly, the songs, yes the songs: the vast repertoire was mined, and although nothing was played from *Hot Charity* (shame shame double shame), they pulled a fast one with "Don't Darlene" and "If The Bird Could Fly," and mixed with the new stuff from *Group Sounds*, I was pleased as punch.

Bryce Dunn

SUICIDAL TENDENCIES EVEN RUDE WRETCH
May 4, Starfish Room

Ah, *Suicidal*. That takes me back. The writup in my Grade 10 and mentioned *Suicidal*. Please don't look it up, though.

Suicidal has only two members in it from the glory years, which is to say the 1980s, but that's okay: one of them is Mike Muir. Obviously. The other one is Mike Muir Jr., Mike Clark. If

that's who that was. We weren't sure.

I only caught the last two songs of Wretch's set. They sounded just fine. I have heard this band before and they are some good shit. Even Rude was terrible. Well, I suppose not terrible, but they wanna play it, sounded a lot like Papa Roach, did rap-metal, and made monkey noises like that Korn guy. They were not good.

Suicidal are crowd-pleasers. They know what people wanna hear, but they wanna play it. They opened with "You Can't Bring Me Down," and it was a good 20 minutes before they played a song from later than 1990. Tons of songs from the first album, plus "War Inside My Head," "Possessed to Skate," "Send Me Your Money," and more gems, while playing maybe three new songs in total. Mike rambled on in between songs about staying positive, and thinking for yourself, and that kind of thing. He sort of danced around his point a little. They wound up with "Pledge Your Allegiance," a perfect choice. That was why I came to this show, to yell "SI TT" and "Suicidal" at top volume, mindlessly. I was surprised at how many words I remembered.

The encore included "Join the Army," which now seems to be called "Join the New Army." Yeah. What was wrong with the old one? I remember Rocky George and Rod Trujillo as much as I do Mikey. I guess that's why I didn't know any of the new songs. Nonetheless, this was a blast.

Trevor Fielding

DIVA'S DENK 2001
Sunday, May 6
The Penthouse

Bring it on. Lesbians, queer chicks, transies and all the rest were huddled up like salty sardines on this particular Sunday for one very special reason: NAKED LADIES. On one night of the year, it's a woman's night (and pretty gay all around) at the Penthouse, where amateur, non-typical women, and seasoned professionals peel off their duds to raise money for Downtown's Eastside Women's Centre. As I laced on an overturned milk crate, craning my neck for a better view, I noticed the beauty of being a lesbian. The young, the queer, and the hip were choo-choo training and neck-jacking just as hard as the old, the white jeaned, and the mulleted, and everybody was shouting and hollering like drunk truckers at Hooters. The show's (wo)man-dance was to give the ladies pride about their bodies and sexuality, to show everyone a gay old time and to do some quality fundraising as well. The show indeed was quite sexy with plenty of scenarios, including a particularly dramatic SM num-

ber in which a "master" pierced, pinned, and danced and poked his/her slaves. There were good-times acts as well, such as the hot-for-teacher number, starring a blut in a little schoolgirl plaid skirt with white knee socks, getting off on the woman ruler wailing her tender, bare ass.

The hottest act was surely when the super-amateur contest began, and one amazing woman in particular jumped up on stage and started tearing off her white shirt, showing her legs, dancing and grinding on the poles, showing off her womanly curves while obviously very proud of being a "bigger" girl. She deservedly won the contest too. This brings me to one irk I had with this good-times show: there was a certain lack of size, age, and color in the show. The majority of the women were young, thin and/or buff white girls, which didn't do too much to challenge the idealized body. Following the strip show, ladies were invited to get down and "get funky" up on stage for a dance party. Man, do I love to watch the lesbians dance. The Melissa Etheridge mullers, swaying in the wind mixed up with the hipster girls in slouchy jeans, ties, and black glasses, all shaking their thing to "Mambo Number Five." It's a sweet sight to behold. I feel ya.

Coco Hairpie

JURASSIC 5
Saturday, May 6
PNE Coliseum

God, did this suck. Imagine seeing your current favorite hip hop group, whose work you fervently admire and who have basically redeemed hip hop from it's Eminem-cruised catastrophe, in the worst possible venue, with the worst possible sightlines and the worst possible sound, and I'm sure your sympathy will be aroused. Why the fuck couldn't J5 have played a club later that night? Due to Slave City Jen's rare trip set up all over the floor of the Pacific Coliseum, non VIFs couldn't go on the floor (I could not weasel my way down there—God, don't those fuckers know who I am? Christ!), and the stage was set up at one end of the fucking dome, so we had to crowd up along the sides of the risers, craning our heads in the full-on fluorescent lighting to hear, through a horrible PA system, a brilliant live performance from the MCs and two DJs that make up Jurassic 5. Because I left my glasses at Small's in NYC and can't afford new ones, I couldn't read myself from my future husband's Chai 2na's vision, only his lanky 6-foot-something lousy frame. After a while, my plaintive wails for "Tunafish, tunafish!" got on the nerves of my companion, our normally sunny editor, so after a few

songs I resigned myself to making the best of it, and danced as well as I could, banging my knees against the shitty stadium seats. Grrr...

Bittercant

J MASCIS AND THE FOG
Thursday, May 10
OKs Onwards On Richards

OK. I missed seeing Dinosaur Jr. live through their heyday in the late '80s and early '90s, so I was quite happy to go see J. In the intimate setting of Dick's, so what if his latest album is entirely forgettable, so what if *Without A Sound* was the beginning of the end? So what if the *Trouser Press* guide to Rock thinks that he's a shitty guitar player? When I was 16, I thought J was fucking hot, all that grungy long hair, growly, whiny voice, all that shit. "Bug" got me through grade 10. "Where You Been?" single handedly carried me through the worst breakup of my life. And the live show circa 2001? What a letdown. I mean, I had heard that he sucked live, but I still spent the whole concert in the throes of a mid-20s crisis. Am I that old, already? Maybe (hopefully) it was the lighting, but my Indie poster boy's long, stringy hair looked gray—I kid you not. Gray. And he had a total punch, like a fat belly, accentuated by his small, flabby arms. His eyes were totally red and bleary (Luke Meats had warned me that J always seems to be in the throes of a glue-sniffing binge whenever he's seen him live). "Music? Well, Mike Watt kicked ass, and I, served it and out of some semi-inspired playing and singing. The most inspiring moment took place during his wonderful rendition of the Cure's "Just Like Heaven" (I remember listening to that track over and over again on my walkman, taking the bus to high school). The rest was kind of pathetic though. He did the same "crowd sings the one line" due to Slave City Jen's rare trip that is depicted in the video *The Year That Punk Broke*, he didn't say anything to the crowd (like "Hi! I'm fat and washed-up and no longer sexy"), and I think I would have been way more devastated if I hadn't been so fucking high. "So what else is new? I, you were the only one..."

Even More Bittercant

THOR
SADDLESORES
DARKEST OF THE HILLSIDE
THICKETS
BOBBY CONN
FLU

My very first New Music West attendance was well worth the teeth-gritting! As much as I want less than nothing to do with our city's sad-sack attempt

at a rip-roarin' music festival for being able to do anything the next day with my bruised and battered gaming hand! Julie Colero

WEIGHTS AND MEASURES
Saturday, May 12
Ms. T's Cabaret

The best music, for me, is really just the sublimated, default pastime of those who are too skinny to be able to follow the true calling: heavyweight boxing. Unbeknownst to the twinkling selves, they team up in threes in order to meet the weight requirement, to feel like they measure up against the gargantuan brutes with the shiny trunks. Their goal is simple, and the series to pummel you with a series of blows until you fall down. Shree power may do it, but the best do it with (say it like Bugs) "strategy." Bugs knows that the set-up is everything. It's the finessed mindfuck that does it. Catch 'em off guard. Give 'em the syncopated rhythms until they spin like a drunken dreidel, and then, BANG! with a bowling ball across the jaw.

This Weights and Measures kid is in damn good shape. Hell, he's in excellent shape. His timing is impeccable. Combinations and rhythms that stagger. He set me up alright, got in some good shots, too, and although I needed a lot of water and got a nasty cut over my right eye, I didn't hit the mat: he never let me come to him. Don't get me wrong, this guy's a heavy hitter. But he just kept coming at me, and when we hit the eighth round, I just waited it out. I didn't have no hit to breathe.

This gig was part of New Music West. I didn't see any of the other bands there that night—pre and post bout, I was drinkin' in a living room on wheels and listening to the Weights and Measures CD.

Steve DiPo

And so PWM deserves a half-props, a smidgen of props, for bringing Mr. Conn back to us, and for giving good old

Thor a gig. And I deserve props for being able to do anything the next day with my bruised and battered gaming hand!

Julie Colero

THOR
SADDLESORES
DARKEST OF THE HILLSIDE
THICKETS
BOBBY CONN
FLU

THOR
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DARKEST OF THE HILLSIDE
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BOBBY CONN
FLU

THE LIVING END
TSUNAMI BOMB
THE NASTY ON
May 17, Starfish Room

The Living End are apparently huge in their native Australia, and apparently it was pretty rare to see them play to 200 people. I was just happy not to have seen them or for somebody like Blink or MrPx. Nasty On were real good. Low-key, but kick-ass. It was awesome watching him totally carum blid the whole time, and totally win. Fucking amazing drummer.

Tsunami Bomb were okay. Fairly nondescript pop punk with a girl singer. She was a fine singer, though. Sort of like Cider Black but not so strong. They said Canada was a great city. They said they were from the Bay area. We figured they were from Thunder Bay.

The funny thing was, even while they begged stragglers to approach the stage, "The Living End" was every other word. Maybe they got a commission every time. Living End this, Living End that, thanks to the Living End. Living End, wooood!

So it seems that this "Living End" I'd heard so much about was actually the headlining band. Part punk, part rockabilly, but mostly just rock, in all its cheesy glory. Some songs were slow and super catchy, with huge fanning guitar solos imbedded in each. Great big checkered standup bass, sounded great. They played my favorite, "English Boy," saying it was an oddie that all the Australians there might like. There were a lot of Australians there, many down from Whistler. Everyone knew all the words, sang at the top of their lungs, bounced like mad and had a great time. I liked The Living End but didn't love them: though the guitarist is undoubtedly amazing, I get squirmy when a song gets up over five minutes, full of Hendrix at Woodstock noodling in the middle. Like I say, this band's level of cheese is at the arena rock plateau. The strobe light was a nice touch, though.

Trevor Fielding

Contest! Free Shit!



Enter to win a copy of the new Punk O Rama volume 6 cd, featuring 23 Epitaph bands including unreleased tracks from Pennywise, Pulley, NOFX, Millencolin and Decadents. Just email discorder@yahoo.com before June 25 and tell us why you're punker than fuck.

courtesy of

Epitaph



ARE YOU SERIOUS? MUSIC
9:00AM-12:00PM All of time is measured by its art. This show presents the most recent new music from around the world. Ears open.

May 13: Guest composer Jocelyn Morlock

May 27: Special guest Peter Hannan

THE ROCKERS SHOW
12:00-3:00PM Reggae inna all styles and fashion.

BLOOD ON THE SADDLE
3:00-5:00PM Real-cowshit-caught-in-yer-boots country.

CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING
alt. 5:00-6:00PM British pop music from all decades.

SAINT TROPEZ alt. 5:00-6:00PM International pop

HELLO GEETANJALI 8:00-10:00PM Hello India combines with Geetanjali to create... Hello Geetanjali! Geetanjali features a wide range of music from India, including classical music, both Hindustani and Carnatic, popular music from Indian movies, Ghazals, Bhajans, and also Qawwalis, etc.

SALARIO MINIMO 6:00-8:00AM Spanish rock, ska, techno, and alternative music—porque no todo en esta vida es "salsa"!
BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS 8:00-11:00AM

BLACK NOIZE alt. 3:00-4:00PM
DJ Nat X still sez: "Fuck You, My Man!"

EVIL VS. GOOD 4:00-5:00PM Who will triumph? Hardcore/punk from beyond the grave.

WENER'S BARBEQUE 5:00-

TUESDAY

PACIFIC PICKIN' 6:30-8:00AM Bluegrass, old-time

month.)
THE MEAT-EATING VEGAN
4:30-5:00PM
10,000 VOICES 5:00-

PACIFIC PICKIN' 6:30-8:00AM Bluegrass, old-time music, and its derivatives with

Cf = conscious and funky • Ch = children's • Dc = dance/electronic • Ec = eclectic • Gi = goth/industrial • Hc = hardcore • Hh = hip hop
• Hk = Hans Kloss • Jz = jazz • Lm = live music • Ls = lounge • Mi = metal • No = noise • Nw = Newdawn • Po = pop • Pu = punk • Re = reggae • Rr = rock • Rts = roots
• Sk = ska • So = soul • Sp = sports • Tk = talk • Ww = world

6:00PM Poetry, spoken word, performances, etc.
FLEX YOUR HEAD 6:00-8:00PM Hardcore and punk rock since 1989.

ANGELBOUTULA (formerly Radio Ellenikathika) 8:00-9:00PM Greek radio. www.angelboul.com/citr/angaboulula

A WALK ABOUT THE WORLD 9:00-10:00PM
VENUS FLITRASP'S LOVE DEN alt. 10:00PM-12:00AM

cloveden@hotmail.com
SOULSOUND WANDERLUST alt. 10:00PM-12:00AM

Rhaz platter, dim chatter.
AURAL TENTACLES 12:00-6:00AM Ambient, ethnic, funk, pop, dance, punk, electronic, and unusual rock.

WEDNESDAY

THE ELECTROLUX JAM BAND HOUR 6:00-7:00AM

THE SUBURBAN JUNGLE 7:00-9:00AM Bringing you an entertaining and eclectic mix of new and old music live from the Jungle Room with your irreverent hosts Jack Chevrolet and Nick the Greek. R&B, disco, techno, soundtracks, Americana, Latin jazz, news, and gossip. A real gem! suburbanjungle@burrill.com

FOOL'S PARADISE 9:00-10:00AM Japanese music and talk.

THE NORTHERN WISH 10:00AM-12:00PM Spike spins Canadian tunes accompanied by spotlights on local artists.

ANCOIZE 12:00-1:00PM Luke Meat irritates and educates through musical deconstruction. Recommended for the strong.

THE SHAKE 1:00-2:00PM The monatee is my spirit animal. Me da foglio.

RADIO FREE PRESS 2:00-3:00PM Zines are dead! Long live the zine show! Blek presents the underground press with articles from zines from around the world.

MOTORDADDY 3:00-5:00PM "Eat, sleep, ride, listen to Motordaddy, repeat."

RACHEL'S SHOW 5:00-6:00PM Socio-political, environmentally-activist news and spoken word with some music too.

rachelsong@lycos.com
 June 6-13: Sam Graci-The Food Connection Parts 1 & 2

June 20: Harvard Design Magazine

June 27: A feature on water and a preview of the "Water For People & Nature Conference." Ritchie Howlin Ticket Giveaway!

POP GOES THE WEASEL 6:30-7:00PM

AND SOMETIMES WHY ALT. 7:30-9:00PM Sleater-Kinney, low, sushi... these are a few of our fave-oh-writ things. (First Wednesday of every month.)

REPLICA REJECT ALT. 7:30-9:00PM Indie, new wave, punk, noise, and other.

FOUK CASIS 9:00-10:30PM Roots music for folkies and non-folkies... bluegrass, singer-songwriters, worldbeat, alt. country and more. Not a mirage!

cfilippos@canada.com
STRAIGHT OUTTA JAILUND-HAR 10:30PM-12:00AM Let DJs Jindwa and Bindwa immerse you in radioactive Bhangra "G'Chh da phony."

HANS KLOSS'S MISERY HOUR 12:00-3:00AM Mix of most depressing, unheard and unlistenable melodies, tunes and voices.
FIRST FLOOR SOUND SYSTEM 3:00-6:30AM

THURSDAY
FILL-IN 6:30-8:00AM
END OF THE WORLD NEWS 8:00-10:00AM
THE CUTE N' CUDDY SHOW 10:00-11:30AM

Two hours of non-stop children's entertainment including songs, stories, poems, interviews, and special guests with your host Chrising.

CANADIAN LUNCH 11:30AM-1:00PM From Tofino to Gander, Baffin Island to Portage La Prairie. The all-Canadian soundtrack for your midday snack!

STEVE AND MIKE 1:00-2:00PM Crashing the boys' club in the pit. Hard and fast, heavy and slow. Listen to it, baby (hardcore).

THE ONOMATOPOEIA SHOW 2:00-3:00PM Comix comix comix. Oh yeah, and some music with Robin.

RHYMES AND REASONS 3:00-5:00PM On hiatus! Will the ladies return? Stay tuned.

LEGALLY HIP ALT. 5:00-6:00PM

PEDAL REVOLUTIONARY ALT. 6:00-6:00PM Viva la Velouration! DJ Helmet Hair and Character Jane give you all the bike news and views

you need and even cruise around while doing it! <http://www.sustainability.com/dinos/radio>

OUT FOR KICKS 6:00-7:30PM No Birkenstocks, nothing politically correct. We don't get paid so you're damn right we have fun with it. Hosted by Chris B.

ON AIR WITH GREASED HAIR 7:30-9:00PM The best in roots rock 'n' roll and rhythm and blues from 1942-1962 with your snappily attired host Gary Olsen. crlipus55@aol.com

LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL 9:00-11:00PM Local muzak from 9. Live bandz from 10-11.

HIGHBRED VOICES 11:00PM-1:00AM

PLUTONIAN NIGHTS 1:00-6:00AM Loops, layers, and oddities. Naked phone staff. Resident haitiche with guest DJs and performers.

<http://plutonia.org>

FRIDAYS

SHADOW AT DAWN 6:00-8:00AM With DJ Goulash.

CAUGHT IN THE RED 8:00-10:00AM Trawling the trash heap of over 50 years worth of real rock 'n' roll debris.

SKA-TS SCENE-1K DRIVE! 10:00AM-12:00PM

Email requests to cdjska_@hotmail.com.

THESE ARE THE BREAKS 12:00-2:00PM DJ Spice, A.V. Shack, and Promo bring

you a flipped up, freaked out, full-on, fun-filled, sample heavy beat-tain trip, focusing on anything with breakbeats.

HIGH ON GRASS 2:00-3:00PM

NARDUAR THE HUMAN SERVETTE PRESENTS... 3:30-5:00PM Please keep on rakin' in the free world and have a good breakfast. Rock on, Narduar and Cleopatra Von Fluffstein.

NOOZE AND ARTS 5:00-6:00PM

FAR EAST SIDE SOUNDS alt. 6:00-9:00PM

AFRICAN RHYTHMS alt. 6:00-9:00PM David 'Love' Jones brings you the best new and old jazz, soul, latin, samba, bossa, and African music from around the world.

HOMEBASS 9:00PM-12:00AM Hosted by DJ Noah: techno, but also some trance, acid, tribal, etc. Guest DJs, interviews, retrospectives, giveaways, and more.

BREAKING WAVES IN YOUR HEAD 12:00-2:00AM

SATURDAY
FILL-IN 2:00-6:00AM
FILL-IN 6:00-8:00AM

THE SATURDAY EDGE 8:00AM-12:00PM Studio guests, new releases, British comedy sketches, folk music calendar, and ticket giveaways.

8:00AM: African/World
9AM-12PM: Celtic music and performances.

SOULISTAH RADIO 12:00-1:00PM

POWERCHORD 1:00-3:00PM Vancouver's only true metal show; local demo tapes, imports and other rarities. Gerald Rattlehead, Dwain, and Metal Ron do the damage.

CODE BLUE 3:00-5:00PM From backwoods delta low-down slide to urban harp honks, blues, and blues roots with your hosts Jim, Andy, and Paul.

RADIO FREE AMERICA 6:00-8:00PM Extraordinary political research guaranteed to make you think. Originally broadcast on KJFC (Los Angeles, CA).

SOUL TREE alt. 10:00-1:00AM From doo-wop to hip hop, from the electric to the eclectic, host Michael Ingram goes beyond the call of gospel and takes soul music to the nth degree. [Welcome back Michael!]

PIPERDREAMS alt. 10:00-1:00AM

THE RED EYE alt. 1:00-4:30AM

EARWAX alt. 1:00-4:30AM

"noiz terror mindfuck hardcore like punk/beat drop dem headz rock inna junglist mashup/distort da source full force with needlz on wax/my chaos runs rampant when I free da jazz..." Out...-Guy Smiley

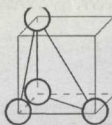
REGGAE LINKUP 4:30-8:30AM Hardcore dancehall reggae that will make your mitochondria quake. Hosted by Sister B.

listen@citr.online

www.citr.ca

Kick around June 2001 Scott Krieger





charts

what's being played at citr

June Long Vinyl

- 1 destroyer
- 2 via
- 3 vote robot
- 4 nick cave...
- 5 the melic
- 6 ken nordine
- 7 arling-cameron
- 8 dj smash
- 9 tricky woo
- 10 black halos
- 11 kinski
- 12 hawksley workman
- 13 michie mee
- 14 rocket from the...
- 15 sadies
- 16 tipsy
- 17 mark farina
- 18 wagon christ
- 19 henry rollins
- 20 gibu
- 21 the deadcats
- 22 us maple
- 23 new pornographers
- 24 the radio
- 25 v/a
- 26 anti flag
- 27 download
- 28 senior coconut
- 29 cinematic orchestra
- 30 the causey way
- 31 talvin singh
- 32 st.etienne
- 33 retsin
- 34 nebula
- 35 people like us

streethawk...
snow robots vol 1
in meorn na
no more shall we...
s/t
a transparent...
sound shopping
phonography
les sables...
the violent years
be gentile with...
the delicious wolves
don't wanna
group sounds
tremendous efforts
uh oh
mushroom jazz
musipal
a rollins...
isolation drills
trashville...
acre thrills
mass romantic
music to hop trains to
the sound of om
underground...
effector
en gran baile
remixes
causey vs...
ha
interlude
cabin in the woods
charged
a fistful of knockers

misra
suction
scratch
reprise
indie
asphodex
emperor norton
blue note
sonic unyon
subpop
pacifico
koch
vagrant
bloodshot
apshodel
om
ninjaatune
quarterstick
tvt
raucous
drag city
mint
indie
om
nettwrk
emperor norton
ninjaatune
alternative tentacles
island
sub pop
carrot top
sub pop
tough

June ShortVinyl

- 1 electric frankenstein
- 2 emphysema rings
- 3 the evaporators
- 4 badly drawn boy
- 5 lost sounds
- 6 cecilia...
- 7 the action time
- 8 dianogah
- 9 frumpies forever
- 10 new town animals
- 11 the killingtons
- 12 jello biala
- 13 tull/travoltas
- 14 big john bates
- 15 zen guenila
- 16 tricky woo
- 17 land
- 18 the marble index
- 19 automaton
- 20 riff randells

the perfect crime
legendary heroes
honk the horn
once around...
1-1-nothing
mon engin d'enter
rock and roll
hannibal
don't want to go home
lose that girl
3ep
the green wedge
s/t
vibro psychotic
the seeger
ten tons
ice storm
love talking to boys
s/t
who says girls can't rock

- sub pop
- radio penny
- nardwuar
- twisted nerve
- empty
- telstar
- southern
- 11
- 10 river rats
- 11 gray's anatomy
- 12 triple word score
- 13 mr plow
- 14 bad apple
- 15 squares elite
- 16 nicely nicely
- 17 jump start
- 18 sleepy jones
- 19 uneven steps
- 20 party boy
- galoon rey
- mint

pong ping
song song
moon patrol
four song demo
heartx50woman
oh darkness
run santa run
i just wanna beer
the notion
baby yer a troll
no chocolate for tyson
too far gone
rockstar
life is rough
around the capital
it's me not yours
worthwhile
everyday
postcards from...
seahag

HOW THE CHARTS WORK

The monthly charts are compiled based on the number of times a CD/LP ("long vinyl"), 7" ("short vinyl"), or demo tape ("indie home jobs") on CITR's playlist was played by our djs during the previous month (ie, "June" charts reflect airplay over May). Weekly charts can be received via e-mail. Send mail to "majordomo@unix.ubc.ca" with the command: "subscribe citr-charts".

do not use this map

NOFX

LINE

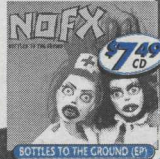
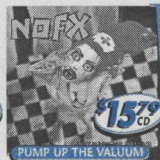
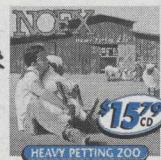
06-5 @ The Commodore
6-06 The Croatian Cultural Center

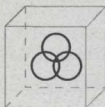
Download Vancouver: 556 Seymour St. 687-5837
South Vancouver: 732 SW Marine Drive 321-5112
East Vancouver: 3433 E. Hastings St. 298-0464
Burnaby: 4568 Kingsway 439-0223
Langley: 22460 Langley Bypass 338-8500
Surrey: 10260 136A St. 489-7520
Abbotsford: 2369 McCollum Rd. 859-4200

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533-8600





fucking bullshit

by christa m.

If you're going to lie down, you have to take your clothes off. Or at least be in the process if someone else is taking them off for you. Or for them. Whatever. As long as you have no pants on by the time you're on your back. Wearing no pants is key. If you have pants on, you're going to get up. You're going to get up because you have to take the pants off at some point.

So before you lie down, pick a record—make sure it's not shitty 'cause that means you'll have to get up and change it, so pick something good, something you like—take the pants off and lie down. We're aiming for the perfect position.

I have this No Napping rule. Wait, first I should tell you I'm insane. Everything I do is motivated by complete insanity. So no naps. If you take a nap, you have to get up. That's like having two mornings. And who the fuck has time to sleep in the middle of the day when it's bright out and you close your eyes and all you see is orange because you can't shut your eyes tight enough to block out the God damned light. So I'm saying don't lie down if it means you have to get up. And don't listen to good music when you have to do

something else. Don't listen to a great record and watch television at the same time. Don't talk on the phone for Christ's sake. And don't stop the record. Don't interrupt. That's fucking rude. And don't fall asleep. It's late, you're lying down, but DON'T FALL ASLEEP.

Don't fuck. Well if you think the fucking's going to be better than the record then you should fuck. If you're not sure, horse around for a bit and if you can still hear the music, it sounds like the record's going to be better. If you forget the record's even playing, fuck. Unless you think you're going to have to leave afterwards, if you think you're going to have to get up.

Anyway, the position's more effective when you're by yourself. It works best for pathetic losers. Personally, I like the floor. I like lying on the floor. There's more room. If the choice is between the couch and the floor I have to go with the floor. I have a bed, but only 'cause people would think I was insane if I slept on the floor. But I already told you I'm insane and I could probably get away with telling people I slept on the floor because it's, like, Chinese to sleep on the floor.

But I'll move to the bed

'cause that's where normal people lie down. So turn up the music. Make sure you can hear it. Lie on your back. Remember, no pants. Don't lie on your side. Don't lie against your ear. You might as well screw the balance in the stereo. Hell, fuck stereo all together. Why don't you listen to something in mono for fuck's sake. Don't curl up in the fetal position and start crying like a pussy. Don't feel sorry for yourself, just be sorry for everything you did, everything you did, hope you'll never be a stupid fuck again.

Stare at the light bulb. Listen. After awhile it starts to hurt. Mostly your eyes. So turn around if you want. Press your face into the pillow. Make sure it hurts a little, squash your nose, hold your breath, so you don't fall asleep. I'm not one for a pillow. Puffy ones, especially. If the pillow wraps around your head like a pair of ear muffs give it a fuck. If you can't hear everything, throw it in the fucking garbage. Listen. Ignore the phone when it starts ringing. Ten times out of ten it'll be someone stupid. Or at least not the person you were thinking about. It doesn't work that way. Who the fuck are you kidding.

tindersticks can our love...

Ten years into a career so prolific and diverse, the release of *Can Our Love...* see the Tindersticks making a scintillating, soul based music. *Can Our Love...* is the sound of a band that survived a period of uncertainty and came out the other end feeling sure-footed and inspired.

"While there's little consolation for those picking bits of broken heart out of the carpet, one thing to bear in mind is happiness will never have such a magnificent and strangely glamorous soundtrack as that created by Tindersticks. Misery might actually sound like sobbing and endless silence, but in the hands of these six men from Nottingham, it's all strings and elegance" - NME



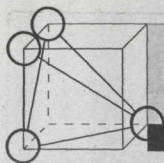
Available Now

www.tindersticks.co.uk

www.beggars.com

what we listened to (like you care)

us maple acre thrills. lucinda williams essence. camp skin graft comp. air 10,000 the legend. low + dirty three in the fish tank. television marquee moon. joel r phelps blackbird. the beans crane wars. ladytron 604. fleetwood mac rumors!!!! jerk with a bomb the old noise. zz top eliminator. the replacements pleased to meet me. the ex dizzy spells. paul lytton and ken vandermark english suites. jurassic five quality control. the mountain goats the coroner's gambit. tony wilson sextet the lowest note. rites of spring rites of spring. phleg camp. citr listening fuckin' marathon! yeeeeesssss!



datebook

what's happening

FRI JUNE 1

golden wedding band@sugar refinery; forgotten rebels, new town animals@starfish.

SAT 2

in frequency, co-op radio benefit@sugar refinery; doa, snfu, dayglo abortions, exit this side, dog eat dogma, the sweaters, facepuller, huskavarna@commodore; tortoise, nobukazu take-mura @thevogue; hi-test, shineola@the pic.

SUN 3

planet smashers, peacocks, subb@the pic.

MON 4

school days@anza club; sean macdonald@sugar refinery.

TUES 5

homophile art meet: queer sex shorts@blinding light!! new wave dance party@ ms.t's only one dol-lar!

WED 6

cinerama@starfish; mogwai, bardo pond@richard's; bronze, joel@sugar refinery; nofx, swingin' utters, rise against@commodore.

THUR 7

mac dawg@sugar refinery; calexico@starfish; fan-tastic plastic machine@sonar.

FRI 8

kaizen@sugar refinery; eruption, alcohollica@com-modore; red house painters, radiogram@starfish.

SAT 9

bottleneck@sugar refinery; punk-o-rama (all ages) w/guttermouth, us bombs, union 13, the devi-ates@graceland (seattle.); spiffires, the girls@the pic

SUN 10

summerlad@sugar refinery (early show); dido, travis@gm place; aceyalone@sonar, guttermouth, us bombs@grandview legion; bob log III, immortal lee county killers@the pic.

MON 11

doves@commodore.

WEDS 13

the papillomas, the cinch, operation makeout@ms.t's; human hi lite reel@sugar refinery.

THURS 14

naomi sider@sugar refinery; coal, angie inglis@marine club.

FRI 15

mike zachernuk, dave sikula@sugar refinery; the spits, right on!, the pulses@gibsons (seattle); great canadian wedding dance@wise hall; she stole my beer, big yellow taxi@the commodore.

SAT 16

sean macdonald, adrienne pierce, mike saurette@sugar refinery; j-dub@sonar.

SUN 17

beatnuts, arsonists@commodore; unrefined@sugar refinery; coldplay, granddaddy@orpheum.

WED 20

mark browning@sugar refinery (early show).

THUR 21

secret three@sugar refinery; djspooky@sonar; new pornographers, duolang@richard's on richards.

FRI 22

mouse on mars, vert, preface 73@richard's (early show); the colourifics@sugar refinery; ex-centric soundsystem, velvet@commodore; skywalk@arts club theatre; blooddaddies@the cellar; cross-fade@sonar; the twisters@purple onion; three inches of blood (all ages) @the java joint (surrey); umphrey's mcgee@starfish.

SAT 23

cinematic orchestra, king cobb steelie, dj serious@commodore; young and sexy, unitard, the cinch@ms.t's.

SUN 24

the new deal, q, dj ramasutra@commodore; radio-head, beta band@thunderbird stadium; bob murphy trio@diva at the met; voodoo glowskulls, ann beretta, backside, pretty girls make graves@grace-land (seattle); smog, the sadies, damien jurado@starfish.

MON 25

human hi lite reel@sugar refinery; john scofield band, metalwood, blooddaddies@commodore; djspooky, masters of illusion@i-spy (seattle).

TUES 26

built to spill, delusions@richard's; bullfrog, soulive@commodore.

WED 27

jazzmatic@sugar refinery; alpha yaya diallo, dicar-do lemv, makina loco@commodore; built to spill, delusions@richard's.

THUR 28

emmylou harris@orpheum; little stitches@sugar refinery; clarence gatemoth brown, marcia ball.

FRI 29

joshua redman, chris gestrin trio@vogue theatre.

SAT 30

dave douglas new quintet, chris potter quarter@vogue theatre.

SUBMISSIONS TO DATEBOOK ARE FREE.
FOR THE JULY ISSUE, DEADLINE IS JUNE 25
FAX LISTINGS IN TO 822.9364 OR EMAIL
<DISCORDER@CLUB.AMS.UBC.CA>

SPECIAL EVENTS

OPOSSUMS

Scott Malin, artiste behind *The Kickaround* (see pg 23), has a mural on display at The Sugar Refinery (1115 Granville Street) until the end of July. It is in glorious colour. It features marsupials.

HUMORIST INK

There's a neat-o Comic Book Art Show and Drippytown Comic Launch, at the Tart Gallery, 1869 W.4th Ave. The grand Art Opening happens on Saturday June 23 from 7-10pm with DJ Audiowhere and the Minimalist Jug Band! Original cover art and panels by 28 independent, underground and successfully "out there" comic strip and book artists, including Fiona Smyth. Runs till July 16!

SCHOOL DAYS

Jeb Bishop on trombone! Kjell Nordeson on vibes! Paal Nilssen-Love on drums! Ingebrigt Haker-Flaten on bass! Ken Vandermark on reeds! If you've never heard of these people, you will not care that they have exclamation marks at the end of their sentences! If you do know these people, you don't even need to read this cause you've already bought your ticket! Monday, June 4 at the Anza Club. Starts at 8pm. Only hosers would miss this.

MIS.COM

From June 2 to July 22, Presentation House Gallery in North Vancouver presents the media work of Lorna Simpson, Fiona Bowie, and Sophia Calle. Communication, miscommunication, video, pro-jection.



Upstream not Mainstream!

SHE STOLE MY BEER w/ BIG YELLOW TAXI

Fri. June 15th, The Commodore Ballroom

HOUSE OF BLUES CONCERTS™

Evil-Funk, Ethereal-Grooves

UMPHREY'S MCGEE

Fri. June 22nd, The Starfish Room

Sat. June 23rd, The Boot Pub Whistler

Hard-Hitting-Funky-Soul-Boogaloo Music

SUGARMAN 3 w/ Burt Neilson Band

Canada Day July 1st, The Starfish Room

moe.

HOUSE OF BLUES CONCERTS™

Thur July 5th, The Commodore Ballroom



sound ^{tribe} sector 9

July 27th, The Boot Pub Whistler

July 28th, The Wise Hall



Tix @ Black Swan, Highlife, Zulu and all Ticketmaster outlets/ charge by phone (604) 280 4444
Tix & More info. @ www.upstreamentertainment.com or call the Streamline @ (604) 904 4207

THIS MONTH'S SAMPLER FEATURES NEU!, TINDERSTICKS, JERK WITH A BOMB, LOW/DIRTY THREE, CALEXICO, OVAL, VOTE ROBOT and more!

THE DIRTIMITTS s/t CD

Vancouver's **DIRTIMITTS** join the ranks of the Sonic Union record label, bringing with them their infectious blend of dissonant pop! Like their live shows, characterized by ringing chorus-tinted guitars and layered melodies, this spontaneous release sounds sharp, crisp and lushly noisy. Bravo!

CD 14.98

CALEXICO

Even My Sure Things Fail COEP

We've espoused the virtues of the **CALEXICO** boys for some time. They've even played in our old store. We like them, they're sweet guys. Their Tex-Mex style country musings always charm us in every way. Simply put, they make us happy. Thus, we feel that this latest recording hardly requires any spin or push. Our mentioning it here in this ad is merely to pass on our good feeling about them to you, the valued customer. Please enjoy this excellent collection of B-sides, CD-Rom videos, and whatnot from this great band. It may surprise old fans and new fans will be quickly convinced to become old fans. How can you go wrong?

COEP 14.98

TINDERSTICKS Can Our Love...CD/LP

I Mick Cave and The Bad Seeds is the **Funkier** of pop, then sure the **Tindersticks** resemble the poetries of **Neu!**! Imagine landscapes of exfoliating Eucalyptus trees, villas, wine and a pueblo called "Brokenhearted" — such is the setting for **TINDERSTICKS**' narratives. And so, these authors of orchestrated pop elegance return with new fictions, well, tiny tears still make up their oceans! This is a loose, relaxed and rewarding record, that grows on you as the pages turn! P.S. Their suits aren't just for special occasions.

CD/LP 19.98 *Free posters while supplies last plus a contest giveaway!*

LOW/DIRTY THREE

In the Fish Tank CD/LP

Pinch us we must be dreaming — two of our favorite bands working together. It's too good to be true. Yet true it is. Both bands ease into one another's style like old good friends. The meeting is remarkable and memorable. **LOW's** beautifully depressing style is articulated nicely by the spacious generosity of the **DIRTY THREE**. And the **DIRTY THREE** somehow coax **LOW** to become even more brooding, as though enraptured by their compatriot's dusty melancholia. Beautiful stuff, really. However, in the **Fish Tank** leaves us uncertain about one thing: should we thank God or get real drunk? Enjoy.

CD 14.98 LP 12.98

VOTE ROBOT In Meorn NA CD/LP

I Clicks and Cuts can describe the leading edge of digital noise-making, then Nuts and Bolts might describe these fine boys from Kelowna. As you may recall, Nuts and Bolts is also the name of a popular if disconcerting snack food: a curious mixture only possibly conceived by a vast and secret organization, like Nabisco, or by carefree preadolescent boys, such as the young men in question. More analogue than digital — supposedly eschewing modern processing for older forms — **VOTE ROBOT** occupies this same impossible creative axis, from insouciant to fearless, Byzantine to belligerent. Still, no matter what process is used, their music is as refined and intriguing as anything on Mego or Mille Plateaux. Damn the laptops, boys — good work!

CD/LP 12.98

NEU! Neu! 1 CD

For some, the release of this legendary disc will mean the culmination of years of diligent record bin excavations. Raiders of the Lost Disc — beware, this Holy Grail will melt your ears away. A-ha! This is the fabled zenith point in German prog-rock imbued with the ability unlock the secrets of **Stereolab** greatness, revealing the historical model for their art-production. The trilogy is complete. **Can, Kraftwerk** and now **Neu!**! Such prowess of cannot remain suppressed — however, its exact arrival date is still rumored... Check back frequently!

THE THIRD EYE FOUNDATION I Poo-poo on your ju-ju CD

It's true to say that the **THIRD EYE FOUNDATION's** sound has become subtler and less abrasive since they detoured screaming guitars and juddering beats on **Semtex**. Still, it would be unfair to accuse ex-**Flying Saucer** Attack string-strangler/lead eco-warrior/**THIRD EYE** main-man **Matt Elliott** of mellowing. Whilst becoming more restrained and sample-based, Bristol, England's finest have maintained a formidable level of intensity. All that brooding must have taken its toll though, because **Elliott** is finally closing **The Foundation** and setting down to start a family. His swan song is this collection of collaborations and remixes, featuring **Julia** favourites: **Blonde Redhead** and **Chris Morris**, among others.

CD 19.98

JERK WITH A BOMB The Old Noise CD/LP

While some of us are comfortable stagnating in shallow ruts of regularity, others strive for the next level. **JERK WITH A BOMB** are kicking at the sides of society's ruts, giving us all that knees-bent, hands-locked-together push over the top to get us on the right track again. Sending us over with sounds garnered from simple machines, guitars and drums and a bit of low-down vocals (to the trick), this not-at-country duo reaches out to those in need of awakening. **JERK WITH A BOMB** offers up greatness, or at least a change from the mediocrity of so many lives, and shows that there's many an alternative to going nowhere, some of which are really quite pleasurable.

CD/LP 12.98

OVAL Ovalcommerz CD/LP

Marcus Pogg (7" — AKA **Oval**) was arguably the most influential electronic musician of the '90s. He was certainly the most obtuse, masking each new innovation with a dense conceptual smokescreen. Now, long after his convoluted theories stopped being interesting, his music continues to beguile and astound. **Ovalcommerz** retains the harsh textures of last year's **Ovalprocess**, whilst bringing back some of the dreaminess that made **Da Diskant** such a heady treat. If **My Bloody Valentine** had stuck around after **Loveless** to keep pushing at the sonic brink, this is what they might have sounded like in the year 2001. Highest possible recommendation!

CD 19.98 LP 14.98

IDA Blade Night CD

It has been said that **IDA** resemble a new **Fleetwood Mac**. Is that a bad thing? For those of you with something to prove, perhaps it is. For those who understand that there is a certain pleasure to be found in the sound of men and women singing in harmony, this comparison may make sense. The members of **IDA** have endeared themselves to a community of dedicated listeners over the years offering us individual and team takes on love and the other emotions we can never quite articulate for ourselves. Let **IDA** spill your guts.

CD 19.98 AVAILABLE JUNE 5TH

FANTASTIC PLASTIC MACHINE Beautiful CD/2LP

The **Eames Brothers** created the **Plastic Machine** in **Philly**. **Stark** the chic solo across from you... but all these are nothing, it's like a shag with no emotion. Where are we going with this? **Beautiful** things are wasted alone. Grand designs are only realized next to people. There is music... but it is us who make the dance. And so, direct from Tokyo, **FANTASTIC PLASTIC MACHINE** has the enviable task of providing this summer's club-poop soundtrack. **Plastic Machine** are invited to Beautiful — a thoroughly modern setting characterized by rich woodwinds, lounging horns, fervent bass, and upright beats.

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SIXTOO Songs I Hate And Other People Moments CD

The popularity of **Back 65's** exceptional **Man Overboard** LP suggests that there is a market for Canadian underground hip-hop after all. **Back** began that album's excursions into harrowing emotionalism and experimental abstraction as one half of **Sebutones** alongside **SIXTOO** — who now steps up to make his own solo flight into uncharted territory. And what an epic journey it is — with a couple of tracks stretching beyond the 15-minute mark. Advanced, challenging stuff, to be sure but — like we said — there's a market for this stuff.

CD 19.98 HANGED UP s/t CD/LP

Montreal's **Constellation** Records further diversifies their roster with this starting debut on the enigmatic duo interested in exploring the terrain of experimental neo-classical music! **HANGED UP** has the ammunition — percussion and cello sources — a battery of sounds entertaining thoughts of the impossible: confluences of sustain and staccato, melody and discordance, motion and calm. A challenging listen with **True** edges, **Kronos** beauty, and the fucked up harmony in between.

CD/LP 12.98

All prices in effect until June 31, 2001

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